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THE BORGHESE PALACE.

DESCRIPTION.

The palace and villa of the Borghesi are among the most celebrated in Rome. The former was founded by the Cardinal Deza in the year 1590, and after the plans of the distinguished architect, Martino Longhi the elder. In extent and magnificence it has the air of an imperial residence, rather than of an edifice belonging to a private family. It is divided into three great apartments, the communication between which is formed by a double gallery, running across the court of the garden. This noble entrance is surrounded by an elegant double portico, supported by a hundred massive granite columns of the Doric and Ionic orders, and ornamented by several statues, of which the most conspicuous are those of Faustina and of an Antonine. The principal room in the ground floor was formerly filled with one of the largest collections of sculpture, both ancient and modern, to be found in the world; but the present owner of the palace having married Paulina, one of the late Emperor of the French, bartered it away to his brother-in-law; and the remains of his ancestors, so long the boast of the family and of Rome in general, has been thus deprived of its chief attraction.

The Villa Borghese is as celebrated for its ornamental gardens as the palace is for its noble apartments, its sculptures and paintings. This delightful retreat is situated just beyond the walls, and extends to a considerable distance over the Pincian Hill. The manner in which it is laid out is peculiarly English, the trees being uncut, and the walks left shaded on each side by the various foliage of noble evergreens. The drive through the grounds, which are usually considered rather a park than a garden, as they are called, is one of the most pleasant about Rome, and as they are always open to the public, they form the usual promenade on Sundays and other holidays. At the extremity of the grounds is the casino, the usual ornament of Roman villas; and the splendour of its decorations, its numerous specimens of sculpture—among others a Curtius on horseback, and two groups by Bernini—render the peculiarly attractive.

The Borghese Villa was founded by the Cardinal Borghesi, nephew of Pope Paul the Fifth, who expended upon it a large portion of his princely revenues; and succeeding members of his noble house continued to add new treasures of art to those he had already collected, the present possessor left Rome to reside in Florence, and resigned it, consequently, to comparative neglect. The palace was occupied by the favorite sister of Napoleon till her death; and it is a curious circumstance, that in one of the chambers of the edifice is a statue of this beautiful woman by Canova; but the prince never suffers it to be seen, and keeps the key of the apartment with him at Florence.

When that amusing old traveller Lassels visited Rome, the Borghese Palace and Villa were in their splendour, and called forth a full share of his wonder and criticism:—

"From hence I went to see the palace of Borghese, which is hard by. This is one of the noblest palaces in Rome. It gives you a fair breakfast of windows, three stories one over another; and its length is prodigious. Mounting up to the chambers, I found a fair open gallery built upon arches and pillars round about the court. This gallery lets you into several apartments; and on that side which overlooks the court, I saw a row of ten or twelve great chambers, through which I looked at once. In these chambers and the other rooms I observed these things:—1. Rich hangings, and over them rare pieces made by a Capuchin lay-brother. The story of the Queen of Sheba coming to visit Solomon's court, and the rape of the Sabines, when make this frezo over the hangings, are so rarely well done, that Raphael and Michel Angelo would not have needed them for colors. 2. A great cabinet of ebony, set with histories cut in gold, and set with such precious stones; it is valued at three score thousand crowns.—3. A rare picture of Hercules and Antæus.—4. Raphael's own picture. 5. The Last Supper, by Titian. 6. The terrace and garden, with box-knots and fountains of water; all at the very top of the house, and overlooking the street, river, meadows, and St. Peter's. 7. The little back gallery of pictures, where, among others, I was shown the pictures of Martin Luther, Nicolas Machivel, and Cæsar Borgia; the two last great corruptors of policy and manners.—8. The low, cool gallery full of statues and pictures, especially of the Borghesian family. That of Paulus Quintus, in a small mosaic work, is scarce to be discovered from painting: as also the Assumption of our Lady in the same work. There I saw also Titian's own picture, and the rare Crucifix made by Michel Angelo, so to life, that some men have falsely given out that he drew it after a crucified man."

Of the villa he thus speaks:

"From hence crossing over the fields, I went to Borghesi's villa and garden, which are a little half mile from the town. This is the greatest villa that is about Rome. For here you have store of walks, both open and close, fish pools, vast cages for birds, thickets of trees, store of fountains, a park of deer, a world of fruit-trees, statues of all sizes, banqueting-places, grottoes, wetting sports, and a stately palace, adorned with so many rare statues and pictures, that their names make a book in octavo, which I refer you to. As for the palace itself, it is compassed on both sides by a fair demicircle of statues, which stand before the two doors, like old Penates and Lares. The wall of the house is overcrusted with a world of *antiquitie*, or old marble pieces of antiquity; as that of Curtius spurring into the vorago, that of Europa lurried away by Jupiter become a bull, with a world of such like fables. Entering into the house, I saw divers rooms full of curiosities.

"In the great hall stands the statue of Diana in oriental alabaster, which was once a deity adored by Augustus Cæsar. Here also hang two great pictures: the one representing a *canonizatio*, when the Pope goeth abroad in ceremony; the other a *cavalcata*, when the great Turk goeth abroad in pomp.

"2. In another room stands the statue of one of the famous gladiators anciently, who fought alone against twenty others, and being wounded to death, seems to threaten with his looks all his beholders. *It is terribly well made.*

"3. In one of the chambers above is the head in profile of Alexander the Great cut in marble. Seneca bleeding to death. It is of a black stone like jet, than which nothing can be blacker but the crimes of Nero the magistricide, who put the rare man his master to death.

"5. The statue also of Daphne and Apollo in alabaster; Apollo running after Daphne, and she stiffening into a tree, being overtaken; her fingers shooting into branches, and her toes into roots, are admirably well done. It must be Bernini's work.

"6. The statue also of Æneas carrying his old father Anchises upon his back out of burning Troy. The young man is brawny and strong; the old man is made lean and weak: as also the young man shows a great deal of tender affection towards his father, and the father as much fear as his looks.

"7. The statue also of David slinging at Goliath. He frowns so terribly as he slings, that you would swear he intends to fright him with his looks, and then kill him with his sling. These two last statues are also of the hand of Cavalier Bernini.

"8. In another chamber above I saw the great chair which Ixekeith first any man that sitteth down in it. It is said to be a chair of revenge, or a trap-chair for a enemy; but methinks it would be a fine chair for a restless student, or a gossiping wife.

"I saw here also some toys for young men; as the clock, which being wound up playeth a tunable dance, and little men and women of iron, painted handsomely, dance in a ring to the tune, by virtue of the wheels. The fool's paradise—representing, first, a fine green garden of flowers, then a palace, and lastly, a neat library—is made also to recreate children."

From the Casket.

THE APPEAL.

And will you?***

Take back, take back the killing thought
That I a moment e'er could prove,
That I in virtue's path have sought
To blast fame in the name of love.

I would not wring one hair of those
Bound the gold Golconda's zone,
For all the cost that Persia's throne,
Or Bessora may now boast.

Tis not the man whose heart and eye,
Burn with love's purest, brightest flame
Whose eye at parting sheds a tear,
That e'er will seek a villain's name.

O, see the tongue beneath a smile
A dark design sometimes appears,
For there's in *grief no villain's guile*,
And there's no treachery in tears.

As well might man essay to strike
The kindred heart, that ever pierced
In word or act a friend alike,
Attempt to injure her he loves.

Nay, 'tis the man with serpent eye,
Who sleeps awake and never weeps,
Who like the subtle Vampire sly,
Into the gentle bosom creeps.

'Tis he who talks of virtue's charms,
And lulls what honest hearts declare
That make in blest in beauty's arms
The fairest flower that blossoms there.

The man who dares in envy rush in
That darkened altar his youthful years,
Will ne'er the heart of beauty win,
To triumph in her bitter tears.

By Heaven! I'd scorn as he'er be blest
With bliss that dwells in beauty's arms,
That bliss pure from her trusting breast,
Or one bright spot her charms.

For tho' in youth I may have been
A reckless boy, and free and vain,
In manhood, I would rank that sin
Upon my head, a hellish bliss.

O, many should a dagger seek
Will the best blood of that same heart,
Than I who'd sacrifice would seek
To triumph by a villain's art.

O, then take back the killing thought,
Don't let remorse e'er wield power,
That I a moment e'er could prove,
That I in virtue's path have sought
To wind love in the name of love.

MILFORD BARD.

THE WIFE.

"Feel'st thou misery, or spirit happiness,
No working sense of satisfaction in
Loving, and being loved? Is there no weight
Removed from the heart, in knowing there is one
To whom all we do is all we think? To soothe grief,—
Yes, to soothe, even to a human pain
By a superior love, the spirit to temper
With words of consolation and sweet hope.
That even in very bitterness shall seem sweet.
Forgiveness is the love that offers it."—E. L. Bulwer.

Woman's love, like the sun! Answering to the arid desert, spreads its rapture over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is blank and desolate, it receives more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful, than in that of wife; parents, brothers and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life on the pyre-funeral of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow her husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even unseen to administer at his side in the depths of misery and shame. It is as heroic devotion which a woman displays in her attendance on the footsteps of a baffled husband; when we behold her, her cheek pale with midnight watching, her countenance of enjoyment, an intellect lost by brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of bodily suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should summon her utmost powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and of patience, lead the distracted sufferer to peace and resignation.

Man strikes by contact with the world: but woman never; their constituents of mind are different;—the principles of thought and action are modified variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes softened and depressed. The one is raised and exalted by acquired associations, the power of the other is maintained in absence and seclusion. Woman was created by the great power of love, equal in the high scale of man formed by the principle of thought more flexible and delicate, more modified, endowed with power and keener feelings,—stronger and more exalted affections to play a greater character in the great drama of the created world:—in fact, to rest at the head and fulness of man. God made her not man's slave, neither to bolster the follower of the trodden sea of life, the panting companion of public duties, but to share his pleasures,—to console his troubled thoughts,—to pay with love to his cry and with him to his happiness by her perseverance, and to enable create he made by kindness and endearment. Connection with the world destroys those fears in us of feeling. She humbles man to all he expects striking at once,—the creature of custom, the slave of debased thoughts,—the destroyer of innocence, the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful,—and the worm of guile, of fraud, and villainy that mars the eyes, glances at every turn, gradually eats the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that consummated purity of mind, of which all that is virtuous, of romance, which, after all, is best, and the most productive of happiness in the sex, which

Heaven made a temper too

From the Casket.

DESPOTISM OF IMAGINATION.

"Tis to create, and in creating live
A better more intense, than we endure
With form our fancy, gestation we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but racing, as I glow
Mate with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' death.
Childe Harold.

What a problem is the human mind—who is able to solve it? are we not often startled to find that

Truth is strange, stranger than fiction!

In that most interesting work, Allan Cunningham's Lives of Painters and Sculptors, we have a biography of a highly gifted and singular being, William Blake, the painter. His story is well told, and the peculiarities of his mind and character are beautifully delineated. It is genius drawing the veil from genius—a poet revealing the depths, the hidden sources of wild poetic feeling—of an inspiration almost maddening; and in its exuberant fullness overwhelming the judgment, and urging its possessor to extravagant attempts and deeds, and the utterance of strange thoughts, which common minds regard as frenzied. The mind of such a man as Blake, is a valuable study to the moralist and the metaphysician. It gives us an insight into some of the mysteries of our compound nature—those mysteries that baffle while they invite investigation. Cunningham commences his biography with a passage of great beauty: "Painting, like poetry, has followers, the body of whose genius is light compared to the length of its wings, and who, rising above the ordinary sympathies of our nature, are, like Napoleon, betrayed by a star which no eye can see save their own. To this rare class belonged William Blake." The early developement of his genius is thus described: "His father, a respectable hosier, caused him to be educated for his own business, but the love of art came early upon the boy: he neglected the figures of arithmetic for those of Raphael and Reynolds; and his worthy parents often wondered how a child of theirs should have conceived a love for such unsubstantial vanities. The boy, it seems, was privately encouraged by his mother; the love of designing and sketching grew upon him, and he desired anxiously to be an artist. In addition to his attachment to art, he had displayed poetic symptoms—scraps of paper and the blank leaves of books were found covered with groups and stanzas. When his father saw sketches at the top of the sheet and verses at the bottom, he took him away to Basire, the engraver, in Green street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and bound him apprentice for seven years; he was then fourteen years old."

Blake was an artist at ten, and at twelve years of age a poet. "He was a dutiful servant to Basire, and he studied occasionally under Flaxman and Fuseli; but it was his chief delight to retire to the solitude of his chamber, and there make drawings, and illustrate these with verses, to be long up together in his mother's chamber. The day was given to the graver, by which he earned enough to maintain himself respectably; and he bestowed his evenings upon painting and poetry, and intertwined them so closely in his compositions that they cannot well be separated." He married and opened a print store; but it did not succeed. "The shop was extinguished," and he commenced "that series of works which gave him a right to be numbered among the men of genius of his country. In sketching designs, engraving plates, writing songs, and composing music, he employed his time, with his wife sitting by his side, encouraging him in all his undertakings. As he drew the figure, he meditated the song which was to accompany it, and the music to which the verse was to be sung, was the offspring too of the same moment. Of his music there are no specimens; he wanted the art of writing it down: a fashion many of the old singers, and some of his songs, we have lost melodies of real value.

The first fruits, were, the "Songs of Innocence and Experience;" a work, original and natural, and of high merit both in poetry and in painting. It consists of some sixty-five or seventy menus, presenting images of youth and manhood—of domestic sadness, and fireside joy—of the gayety, and innocence, and happiness of childhood. Every scene has its poetical accompaniment, curiously interwoven with the group or the landscape, and forming, from the beauty of the color and the prettiness of the pencilling, a very fair picture of itself. Those designs are in general highly poetical; more allied, however, to heaven than to earth—a kind of spiritual abstractions, and indicating a better world and fuller happiness than mortals enjoy."

When his pencil was in his hand, and visions of imaginary grandeur and unearthly beauty rose upon his mind, "he imagined himself under spiritual influence; he saw the forms and listened to the voices of the worthies of other days; the past and the future were before him, and he leaned, in imagination, even that awful voice which called on Adam among the trees of the garden. In this kind of dreaming abstraction he lived much of his life; all his works are stamped with it; and though they owe much of their mysticism and obscurity to the circumstance, there can be no doubt that they also owe so it much of their singular loveliness and beauty. It was wonderful, that he could then, month after month, and year after year, lay down his graver after it had won him his daily wages, and retire from the battle for bread, to distort his fancy amid scenes of more than earthly splendor, and creatures pure as unfallen dew.

In this, lay the weakness and the strength of Blake; and those who desire to feel the character of his compositions, must be familiar with his history and the peculiarities of his mind. He was by nature a poet, a dreamer, and an enthusiast. The eminence which it had been the first ambition of his youth to climb was visible before him; and he saw on its ascent or on its summit, those who had started earlier in the race of fame; he felt conscious of his own merit, but was not aware of the thousand obstacles which were ready to interpose."

"His works were looked coldly on by the world, and were only esteemed by men of poetic minds, or those who were fond of things out of the common way." The productions of his graver alone gave him bread. "All this neither crushed his spirit, nor induced him to work more in the way of the world; but it had a visible influence upon his mind.—He was thus compelled, more than ever, to retire to worlds of his own creating, and seek solace in visions of Paradise for the joys which the earth denied him. By frequent indulgence in these imaginings, he gradually began to believe in the reality of what dreaming fancy painted—the pictured forms which swarmed before his eyes assumed, in his apprehension, the stability of positive revelations, and he mistook the vivid figures, which his professional imagination shaped, for the poets and heroes, and princes of old. Among his friends, he at length ventured to intimate that the designs on which he was engaged, were not from his own mind, but copied from grand works revealed to him in visions; and those who believed that, would readily lead an ear to the assurance that he was commanded to execute his performances by a celestial tongue!

Hayley, the poet, persuaded Blake to remove to Felpham, in Sussex, to make engravings for the Life of Cowper. The enthusiastic artist thus writes to his friend Flaxman, whom he calls "Dear sculptor of Eternity":

"Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen, and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses."

He continues his letter in a yet wilder strain: "And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more fenced in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life, and those works are the delight and study of archangels. Why are we anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? You, O dear Flaxman, are a same archangel, my friend and companion for eternity. Farewell, my dear friend, remember me and my wife in love and friendship to S. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to contain beneath our thatched roof of russet gold.

Commenting upon this stellar epistle, the biographer observes, that it yes the true twofold image of the author's mind During the day he was a man of sagacity and sense, who handled his graver wisely, and conversed in a wholesome and pleasant manner; in the evening, when he had done his prescribed task, he gave a loose to his imagination. While enjoyed on these engravings which accompanyhe works of Cowper, he saw much company the country where he resided afforded, and lived with Hayley about poetry, with a feelinto which the author of the Triumphs of Temper was a utter stranger; but at the close of day, away went Blake to the sea shore to indulge in his wild thoughts, and

High converse with the dead to hold.

Here he forgot the presentmoment and lived in the past; he conceived, rely, that he had lived in other days, and had fused friendships with Homer and Moses, with Polar and Virgil, with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visits and even entered into conversation.—When asked about the looks of those visions, he answerd, "they are all majestic shadows, grey headed, and superior to the common height of me."

On one occasion he told a lady if she had ever seen a fairy's funeral; she replied in the negative. "I have," ed Blake, "but not before last night. I was talking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I know not where it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a pear move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and the disappeared. It was a fairy funeral." The biographer says, "it would perhaps have been betterfor his fame, had he connected it more with the superstitious beliefs of his country—among the elves and fairies his fancy might have wandere at will—their popular character would perhaps have kept him within the bounds of traditionary belief, and the sea of his imagination might have had a shore."

After a residence of threeyears in his Felpham cottage, he removed to London. He came back to town, with a fancy not a little exalted by the solitude of the country, and in this mood designed and engraved an extensive and strange work, which he entitled "Jerusalem." A production as exclusively wild, was not fitted to make its appearance in an ordinary way: he thus announced it: "After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my grant forms to the public." Of these designs there are no less than a hundred; what their meaning is, the artist has left unexplained. It seems of a religious, political, and spiritual kind, and wanders from Hell to Heaven, and from Heaven to Earth; now glancing into the distractions of our own days, and then making a transition to the antediluvians." After observing that its great defect is obscurity, Cunningham gives it the stamp of his praise in the following language:

"Yet if the work be looked at for form and effect rather than for meaning, many figures may be pronounced worthy of Michael Angelo. There is wonderful freedom of attitude and position; men, spirits, gods and angels, move with an ease which makes one lament that we know not wherefore they are put in motion."

As I am desirous, merely of presenting materials for study, and a source of reflection, the mental character of this visionary genius, I shall pass over all that is said about the individual merits of his various pictures, and the mixture of sense and folly which filled his catalogue. The artist who told the [illegible] taken in vision "to the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia, has seen those wonderful originals called in the sacred scriptures, the cherubim, which were painted and sculptured on the walls of temples, towns, cities, palaces, and erected in the highly cultivated states of Egypt, Moab and Edom, among the rivers of Paradise, being originals from which the Greeks and Hetrurians copied Hercules, Venus, Apollo, and all the grand works of ancient art"—could justly appreciate, and ably write upon the natural and humorous delineations of Chaucer.

"To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes: and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted, that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter.

The most propitious time for those 'angel visits,' was from nine at night, till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready, and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed.

He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace—the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. 'William Wallace!' he exclaimed, 'I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks—reach me my things!' Having drawn for some time with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly, and said, 'I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me.' 'That's lucky,' said his friend, 'for I want the portrait of Edward, too.' Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet: upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace." The portraits were two warlike heads of the size of common life. "That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon." This anecdote is but a specimen—one among many. He once drew the ghost of a flea—"his eager tongue whetting out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green—as he described him, so he drew him."

Cunningham considers his inventions for the Book of Job, "one of the noblest of all his productions," and observes, "it was in such things that Blake shone; the scripture increased his imagination, and he was led devout to attempt aught beyond a literal embodying of the majestic scene. He goes step by step with the narrative; always simple, and often sublime; never wandering from the subject, nor overlaying the text with the weight of his own exuberant fancy."

Such an artist as Blake could never become fashionable or popular. He would not administer incense to vanity; and as his most labored designs could not be understood, and his best could be properly estimated by the discerning few, it is with more regret than surprise that we learn, that an elevated a genius was reduced "to a miserable garret and a crust of bread, and would have perished from want, had not some friends, neither wealthy nor powerful, averted this disgrace from coming upon his country."

Three days before his death, which took place in his seventy-first year, "he sat bolstered up in bed," and tinted "with his choicest colors, and in his happiest style," a favorite picture—his "Ancient of Days." He lingered over it with parental fondness—touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, "there! that will do! I cannot mend it." One can scarcely read what follows, without discovering one's eyelid to be moist. "He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—'Stay, Kate!' said Blake, 'keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me'—she obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness."

There is deep pathos, and to my mind, much poetry and some sublimity in the death scene.

"He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offsprings of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he called them, to paper. 'Kate,' he said, 'I am a changing man—I always rose and wrote down my thoughts whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose too, and sat beside me—this can be no longer.' He died on the 12th of August, 1828; without any visible pain—his wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing."

The following sketch of his person and mental disposition is interesting.

William Blake was of low stature and slender make, with a high pallid forehead, and eyes large, dark, and expressive. His temper was touchy, and when moved, he spoke with an indignant eloquence which commanded respect. His voice in general was low and musical, his manners gentle and unassuming, his conversation a singular mixture of knowledge and enthusiasm." After observing that his whole life was one of labor and privation, and that he never knew the luxury of independence, the author proceeds, "this untoward fortune he endured with unshaken equanimity—offering himself in imagination as a martyr in the great cause of poetic art; *praying* some of his more fortunate brethren for their inveterate love of gain; and not doubting that whatever he might have won in gold by adopting other methods, would have been a poor compensation for the ultimate loss of fame. Under this agreeable delusion, he lived all his life—he was satisfied when his graver gained him a guinea a week—the greater the present denial, the surer the glory hereafter."

The author truly says—

An overflow of imagination is a failing uncommon in this age, and has generally received of late little quarter from the critical portion of mankind. Yet imagination is the life and spirit of all great works of genius and taste; and indeed without it, the head thinks and the hand labors in vain. Ten thousand authors and artists rise to the proper, the graceful, and the beautiful, for ten who ascend into "the heaven of invention." A work—whether from poet or painter—conceived in the fiery ecstacy of imagination, lives through every limb; while one elaborated out by skill and taste only, will look in comparison, like a withered and sapless tree beside one green and flourishing. Blake's misfortune was that of possessing this precious gift in excess. His fancy overmastered him—until he at length confounded "the mind's eye" with the corporeal organ, and dreamed himself out of the sympathies of actual life."

Strange and incomprehensible as were too many of the revelations of his ideal associates to this Swedenborgian in art, yet they sometimes deigned to favor him with spirited designs, and on one occasion at least imparted a valuable discovery. The sixty-five designs of his Days of Innocence were completed; and meditating on the best means of multiplying their resemblance in form and in hue, he became sorely perplexed. At length the troubled artist was sensible of the presence of the spirit of his favorite brother, Robert, who had been deceased some years. To the shade of the departed he applied for counsel, and was told "to write the poetry and draw the designs upon the copper, with a certain liquid; then eat the plain parts of the plate down with aqua fortis." He profited by the advice, and his consequent invention has been called, "his truly original and beautiful mode of engraving and tinting his plates."

I will conclude with a scrap of his poetry. I have never met with the published volume, but Mr. Cunningham, in his biography, gives us two or three poems and some fragments of a dramatic poem. They receive the commendation of one who is himself a poet of no ordinary merit. Though he considers the structure of the verse of the latter as "often defective, and the arrangement inharmonious," yet he adds, "before the ear is thoroughly offended, it is soothed by some touch of deep melody and poetic thought." Of a little poem called "The Tiger," he says, that it "has all the sublimity and force and vigor of its thoughts, by poets of high name. Many could weave smoother lines—few could stamp such living images." There appears to me to be beauty and tenderness of thought, and a sweet harmonious flow of verse, in the following introduction to his picture of Innocence:

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me—

'Pipe a song about a lamb;'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again—'
So I piped—he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer—'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read—'
So he vanished from my sight:
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear."

Before I throw aside my pen, perhaps I may as well express an opinion of the work from which I have extracted so copiously. As a whole, I think it admirable—the production of a man of genius, taste, and verfu; who, to a true perception of the excellence of art, unites the requisite knowledge of its mechanism and its technicalities, and is master of an agreeable and animated style—who thinks poetically, and writes good prose. But there is an exception. The Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds I cannot commend. It seems to me to be written in no friendly feeling; to be frequently disfigured by illiberal insinuation and unfair construction, and by no means deficient in unbecoming irony and studied depreciation. Because some of Mr. Cunningham's favorites chose to be upon ill terms with the more fortunate Reynolds, he certainly should not chime in with their views and feelings, and as a biographer, present us with the tattle of dissatisfied domestics, and, to a certain degree at least, play the contemptible part of a Leigh Hunt. I have always admired the man who was the admitted, intimate, and valued friend of Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke—who stood among the first in art—who was ever ready to encourage struggling and relieve unpoverished merit—whom Johnson called, "one of his oldest and kindest friends," and of whom Burke says, that "he was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country;" and, "in full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty and candor, never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."—Nor is my admiration for him the less, because the price of his portraits was fifty guineas—or because, unlike some even among the eminent of his brethren of the brush, he preferred the society of the intellectual and the decorums of polished life, to the noisy conviviality of the tap room, and the vulgar companionship of the uneducated. I am therefore little satisfied with the spirit of Mr. Cunningham's biography of Reynolds. J. B. S.

That few men, celebrated for theoretic wisdom, live with conformity to their precepts, must be readily conferred; and we cannot wonder that the indignation of mankind rises with great vehemence against those who neglect the duties which they appear to know with so strong conviction the necessity of performing. Yet since no man has the power of acting equal to that of thinking, I know not whether the speculatist may not meet censures too severe, and by those who form ideas of this life from their knowledge of his book, be considered as worse than others only because he was expected to be better.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, would lessen, if we reflected that most men seek companions less to be talked to than to talk

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FRIENDSHIP'S STRAIN.

TO J. R. H.

Friendship! synonimous content of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much.

The oft perused page of remembrance I'll kiss,
And weave the soft descant of friendship for thee,
With whom in the halcyon spring-time of bliss,
I've strolled in reverie of sombrous and glee.

How often in youth's blooming Eden we've strayed,
With Nesville's *fair swain* to the crystalline spring,
And sat 'neath the wide-spreading walnut tree's shade,
Or loftily soar'd on the roughly-hewn swing.

And vainly we hoped that the path we should tread,
Would lead through a portion forever as gay;
Too quickly those wild dreams of fancy have fled—
Like a leaf on the current they've glided away.

The visions that haunt us in youth's latest hours,
Allow feats deeper but a transient respite;
The wreath woven round our aerial towers,
Yields only a transitive moment's delight.

Cold memory, queen of joy's gladdening rays,
Awakens the feelings of parting anew,
When far from the scenes of our earlier days,
On board the O'Hara* I bade thee adieu.

For thee I will foster—thou friend of my youth—
Affection as warm as a brother can feel;
My guide shall be friendship—my polar star truth—
For thee is fidelity's altar I'll kneel.

* The steamboat on board of which J. R. H. embarked at Pittsburg, for Louisville in the spring of 1830.

Southampton, Pa. [illegible]

A FRAGMENT.

Though scarce a trace, my mother, now is left,
Of your transcendent beauty, which was worn,
In olden times, to throw us spell around
The noble, wise and gay,—and fond is now
The light of that dark eye, which once could flash,
With all the fire of wit and eloquence;—
Oh yet believe me, mother, not in all
The pride and glow of youth, couldst thou inspire
A love so kind and true as that with which,
Even now, I gaze upon thy faded face
And wearing form. Years have passed, my mother,
Since I was wont to run to thee, with all
My childish cares, and weep myself to sleep
Upon thy breast. There's many a wrinkle now,
Upon my thought-worn face; and many a wrong,
Inflicted by the world, has given a mould
Of stern defiance to my brow, and wrapped
In cold reserve a heart once warm and free.
Yet in thy presence, mother, I can feel
Both heart and brow relax, with e'en the frank
And careless mood of childhood. For I know,
That thou dost love me for myself alone.
I know, that while with thee, I need not fear
The sound of malice, or the prying eye
Of slander, or the still more treacherous smile,
That gilds the hollow front of selfishness.
Disease and time and care have harshly dealt
With thee, my mother; sought to left thee now,
To soothe the pangs of age and shattered health,
Except maternal love, and that, alas!
I've often made a source of greater pain
Than pleasure. Faint and feeble now thou art
That binds thee to existence—While I gaze
Upon thee, o'er my thoughts, alike a cloud,
Unbidden pass those dark forebodings, which
No child can dwell upon, yet which will steal
Ever e'en our brightest moments.—When from me
Host left me, mother, I shall feel that earth
Has nothing more to call a tear from me.
And I will turn me to the world again,
With seeming calmness—like Peruvian fields
Which smile above the earthquake's awful spring—
And I will steel my heart, alike the will
To fight in silence through life's sick'ning contest—
Yet often after days of toil and woes,
My ev'ning thoughts will turn to thee, my mother;
And often I shall wish for that last hour,
Which once again will lay me by thy side,
To sleep the calm unbroken sleep of death.

L. C.

Grandeur of Astronomical Discoveries.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May, and my sweet child, my Rosalie and I, had sauntered up to the castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the enclosed firmament that glowed and sparkled with unusual lustre from pole to pole. The atmosphere was to its purest and finest state of vision; the milkway was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant, or distant and faint, lent its liveliest light or twinkling ray to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere: while the round, bright moon, so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible (even the rotundity of her form,) seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air, or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time, in observing through a telescope the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty, with his sgraidron of satellites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars; and admired the felicity of that design, by which those distant bodies had been parcelled out and arranged into constellations, so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigator, but, as it were, for landmarks to astronomers of this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease the place and motion of these planets, comets, and magnificent meteors which inhabit, revolve, and play in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display in so strong a light the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries, which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend; that thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve; that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original, and not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmament, or which the telescope has brought within the sphere of our vision, but, according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with velocity a million times greater than that of a cannon ball; that those luminous appearances which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin, white cloud, are windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of these suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings.

One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of the human imagination. But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Doctor Herschel superadd, when, instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens these multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, that imagines them, thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—and when, carrying on the process, you suppose even that centre itself not stationary, but also counterposed by other masses in the immensity of space with which, attended by their accumulated trains of

"Planets, Suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,"

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding in its vast career, some other centre still more remote and stupendous, which in its turn——

"You overwhelm me," cried Rosalie, as I was laboring to pursue the immense constentation; "my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing." "Yet there *is* a point, my dear Rosalie—the throne of the Most High. Imagine *that* the ultimate centre, to which, this vast and inconceivably magnificent apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving.—Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll in their orbits, continually hymn their Creator's praise."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE DYING ONE.

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv. 3.

O! father come, my dearest,
And see the brave snow,
And let the balmy soft winds blow
Upon my burning brow.

Yes, throw the casement open

Foreign Intelligence.

LETTER FROM FRANCE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Cholera—Universal Terror—Flight of the inhabitants—Cities within the walls of the palace—Difficulty of escape—Deserted streets—Cases not reported—Dryness of the atmosphere—Preventives recommended—Public Baths, &c.

Cowards' Cholera!—It is now the only topic. There is no other interest—no other dread—no other occupation for Paris. The carriages for parties are all last recalled—the theatres are *at best* shut or languishing—the fearless are beginning to be afraid—people walk the streets with camphor bags and bouquettes at their nostrils—there is a universal terror in all classes, and a general flight of all who can afford to get away. I never saw a people so engrossed with one single and constant thought. The waiter brought my breakfast this morning with a pale face, and an apprehensive question, whether I was quite well. I seem to my bootmaker yesterday and he was dead. I called on a friend, a Hanoverian, one of those broad chested, florid, immortal looking men, of whose health, for fifty years, violence seem, one is absolutely certain, and he was at death's door with the cholera. Poor fellow! He had fought all through the revolution in Greece; he had slept in rain and cold under the open sky, many a night, through a ten years' pursuit of the profession of a soldier of fortune, living one of the most remarkable lives hitherto, of which I ever heard, and to be taken down here in the midst of ease and pleasure, reduced to a shadow with as no valour and as warlike a disease as this, was quite too much for his philosophy. He had been ill three days when I found him. He was emaciated to a skeleton in that short time, weak and helpless, and, though he is not a man to exaggerate suffering, he said he never had conceived such intense agony as he had endured. He assured me that if he recovered, and should ever be attacked with it again, he would blow out his brains at the first symptom. Nothing but his iron constitution had prevented the disorder. Most people who are attacked die in from three to twenty-four hours.

For myself, I have felt and still feel quite safe. My rooms are in the *airiest* quarter of Paris, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, with windows overlooking the king's road, so far *as air is* concerned, if his majesty considers himself well aerated, it would be quite ridiculous in so insignificant a person as myself to be alarmed. With absolute health, confident spirits, and tolerably regular habits, I have usually thought one may defy almost any thing but love or a bullet. To day, however, there have been, they say, *two cases within the palace walls*, members of the royal household, and Cassimir Perier, who probably lives well and has enough to occupy his mind, is very ill and one cannot help feeling that he has no certain exemption when a disease has touched both above and below him. I went to day to the messagerie, to engage my place for Marseilles, on the way to Italy, but the seats are all taken, in both mail post and diligence, for a fortnight to come, and as there are *no cases* in France, one must wait his turn. Having done my duty to myself by the inquiry, I shall be content to remain quiet.

I have just returned from a social tea party at a house of one of the few English families left in Paris. It is but a little after tea, and the streets as I came along, were as deserted and still, as if it were a city of the dead. Usually, until four or five in the morning, the same streets are thronged with carriages, hurrying in and fro, and always till midnight the trottoirs are crowded with promenaders. To night I scarce met a foot passenger, and but one sentinary carabini in a walk of a mile. The contrast was really impressive. The moon was nearly full, and high in the heavens, and the sky absolutely without the trace of a cloud nothing interrupted the full broad light of the moon, and the empty streets were almost as bright as at noon day; and as I crossed the *Place Vendome*, I could hear for the first time since I have been in Paris, though I have passed it at every hour of the night, the echo of my footsteps reverberated from the walls around. You should have been in these crowded cities of Europe to realize the impressive solemnity of such solitude.

It is said that fifty thousand people have left Paris within the past week. Adding this to the thousand a day who are struck with the cholera, and the attendance necessary to the sick, and a thinned population is sufficiently accounted for. There are, however, hundreds ill of this frightful disease, whose cases are not reported. It is only those who are taken to the hospitals, the poor and destitute, who are numbered in the official statements. The physicians are wearied out with their professional service. The medical lectures are suspended, and a regular physician is hardly to be had at all. There is scarce a house in which some one has not been taken. You see hacks and biters issuing from almost every gate, and the better ranks are no longer spared. A sister of the premier, M. Perier, died yesterday, and it was reported at the *Bourse*, that several distinguished persons, whose names have been ill of it are also dead. No one feels safe, and the consternation and dread on every countenance you meet is enough to curdle all one's very blood. I went out to day for a little exercise, not feeling very well, and I was glad to get home again.—Every creature looks stricken with a mortal fear. And this among a French population, the gayest and merriest of people under all depressions ordinarily, is too strong a contrast not to be felt painfully. There is something singular in the air, too, a disagreeable, depressing dryness, which the physicians say is a prior change, or all Paris will be struck with the plague. It is clear and cold, but almost suffocating with dryness.

It is very consoling in the midst of so much that is depressing, that the preventives recommended against the cholera are so agreeable. "Live well" say the doctors, "and bathe often. Abstain from excesses, keep a clear head and good spirits, and amuse yourself as much and as rationally as possible. It is a very excellent recipe for happiness, and also for the cholera. There is great room for the nice observance of this system in Paris, particularly in the eating and bathing. The baths are delightful. You are received in handsome saloons, opening upon a garden in the centre of the building, ornamented with statues and fountains, the journals lying upon the sofas, and every thing arranged with quite the luxury of a palace. The bathing rooms are furnished with taste, the bathe are of marble, and the covered inside with linen as white as snow; the water is perfumed, you may be and take your coffee, or have your breakfast served upon the mahogany cover which shuts you in; a union of luxuries, which is enough to enervate a cynic. When you are ready to come out, a pull of the bell brings a servant, who gives you a *peignoir*—a long linen wrapper, heated in an oven, in the warm folds of which you are enveloped, and in three minutes are quite dry. In this you may sit, at your ease, reading, or musing, or lie upon the sofa without the restraint of a tight dress, till you are ready to depart, and then four or five francs, something less than a dollar, pays for all.

From the New York Advocate.

LATER FROM EUROPE—RECALL OF EARL GREY.

The brig Sarah, Capt. *Corner*, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 17th May, arrived at this port last evening. We are in possession of the London Herald of the 18th May, and the Liverpool papers of the 17th. Although the re-appointment of Earl Grey and his colleagues is not officially announced, it is certain that it has taken place.—The king had sent for his birthday, and in consequence of this interview, adjournments were moved and agreed to, both in the House of Lords and Commons, from the 18th to the 17th. It seems admitted on all sides, that the Duke of Wellington could not form an administration, although his efforts continued to the last. As late as the 15th he and Lord Lyndhurst had audience with his Majesty. After which, Earl Grey was sent for, and empowered to re-establish his ministry.

The excitement in the country had continued, and in Scotland it was exhibited by large meetings at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Arbroath, at all of which places, the language corresponded with that formerly used at Birmingham and Manchester. Our next account will doubtless tell of a recovered tranquility throughout the country, and of the progress of the Reform Bill, under the auspices of Earl Grey & Co.

From the London Morning Herald of June 18.

In the House of Lords last night, after some petitions had been presented, Earl Grey moved the appointment of the House on Thursday next, stating, that he had no intention of any of a communication he had to make known to receive from his Majesty. Lord Kenyon inquired what was the nature of that communication? The Lord Chancellor observed that, although the noble Earl had tendered his resignation to the Crown, his lordship still stood in the situation of minister; and that every one must pretty well understand that the communication could have reference to the same or public affairs only, and the change in his Majesty's Ministry. He could only add that, as far as he knew, the communication had not yet led to any result, and that it might not lead to none. The like expressions were used by Earl Grey

City—Tuesday Evening.—The sole object of interest—the single absorbing topic of conversation with all classes in the city—is the state of the Reform measure, and its consequences—suspended business, demand for gold, &c.

It became known early in the day that the Duke of Wellington had experienced the greatest difficulty in prevailing upon any man of weight and authority to unite with him in the Administration. The speeches delivered in the House of Commons last night by Mr. Baring, Mr. Wynn, and others, who were anther to form part of the Duke's Cabinet, or firmly bound up in interest with it, rendered it manifest that the difficulties of forming a government to carry on the business of the State by any ordinary means were absolutely insurmountable. This gave a strong impulse to the expectations of those who desired to see Lord Grey's Government reinstated in power, that it might complete the healing measure for tranquilizing the public mind in the metropolis, and in the country, which the violent feelings of discontent, bursting out in irritating and almost tumultuous proceedings, in various parts of the country.

CIVIL WAR IN THE MOREA.

A letter dated Toulon, May 7, gives the following intelligence:—

"The corvette La Diligente, Halle, commander, arrived in our roads yesterday evening, after a severe voyage from Navarino, from which she sailed on the 19th April. In consequence of the pressing orders to depart given by Admiral Hugon, who commands our naval force in the Levant, this vessel was not able to carry many passengers.—Events of the most important character are said to have given rise to her departure.

"It results from the reports made by Halle, the commander, and the officers on board, that the Greek Constitutionalists, after several combats with the troops of Colocotrons, had obliged Capo d'Istrias and his partisans to save themselves on board the Russian vessel Anoff.

"In this state, the admirals commanding in the station, French, English and Russian, not wishing to favour openly either of the two parties, without ulterior instructions from their respective governments, agreed with one accord to take possession of the fortresses, as well as the citadel of Napoli, which had been rendered impregnable by art and nature. The Diligente (regate accordingly landed a chosen portion of its crew for that purpose.

"Colocotroni, who has taken the field to support the re-establishment of Capo d'Istrias on the throne of Greece, aimed upon Argos, upon the plains before which he has drawn up a force of from 3000 to 4000 men, and thus cut off all communication by land with Napoli.

A considerable part of the Russian forces is stationed at Argos, who have shown a great inclination and even made some efforts to come to the assistance of Colocotroni, in order to render his party more predominant, and to discourage the Greek Constitutionalists but being strongly watched by the two other Powers, the Russian Commander has not yet ventured to declare himself through fear of provoking a more effective interference from the French and English forces, which appear to be upon terms of the best understanding with each other. Some fair, however, is entertained that so many attempts may after all succeed, and it is thought in the Levant that it would be advisable to increase the French and English forces in these seas.—The ideas of those who still think that the Dilligente corvette was sent to France only for the purpose of reporting the real state of things in the Levant, and the policy further enforcements to our small land-army. As to the squadron, it is too small in number to be capable of watching all points or to make head against the very considerable force which Russia can at a moment's warning bring into the Levant.

HEBDEN BILL.—The announcement, last evening, of the return of Lord Grey and his colleagues to office, was received by the public with the liveliest demonstrations of joy.—The little political cotteries in the streets testified their satisfaction in every possible way, cheering, singing, and dancing, and in all parts of the metropolis the welkin rang with John Bull's boisterous mirth. This was, indeed, reaction. Almost all the banking-houses that are connected with country banks, forwarded the news to the country by express. We have in notice one pleasing result of this new and gratifying order of things. Before nine o'clock in the evening, many of the offensive allusions to the royal family which have been so conspicuous during the last three or four days, had disappeared.

The King of England's pre-ture to have lost the confidence of all classes of his subjects by his recent vacillating conduct.

Signs of the times.—At a dinner given by the Garrick club on Saturday last, to the Earl of Mulgrave, in consequence of his recent appointment, the Earl of Glengall, who was in the chair, gave "The King and the rest of the Royal Family," (the usual order is, first the King, then the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family) when not a soul rose, nor made the slightest demonstration. There were between forty and fifty noblemen and gentlemen present.

Cholera.—*Edinburgh*, May 12.—New cases 8; died 2; recovered 2.

May 13.—New cases 4, died 3, recovered 3, remaining 24. Total cases 262 deaths 127; recoveries 141.

The cases on Saturday were in Baron Grant's Close, Cafron Hill Sines, Castle Bank, Gillmore's Close, Middle-bet, and Leith Wynd.

The cases yesterday were in Canongate, West Richmond street, Coull's Close and West Port.

Board of Health for the city of Dublin, }
Lower Castle Yard, 13th May, 1832. }

General Daily Report of Cholera.—The Board of Health for the city of Dublin congratulate their fellow citizens on a great diminution of new cases of Cholera in Dublin this day, as well as the increase of recoveries.

The new cases reported are	10
The deaths	9
Recoveries	58

Within the last seven days, 250 have been discharged, cured, from the large hospitals alone, each patient provided with comfortable clothing, and soup tickets for a fortnight. The Board anxiously hope that the warning they have so frequently given with respect to the necessity of temperance may be attended to.

FRANCE.

Correspondence of the London Morning Herald May, 16.

PARIS, May 18.—Except that which we have received from London, we have little news to-day, indeed no reference to the feeling here on the subject of your ministerial doings, that even had we other news it would not attract any attention.

The report of disturbances having broken out in Rhenish Bavaria, which was circulated yesterday with industry, proves to have been unfounded. The only revolutionary movement observed in that country was the planting of the tree of liberty at Anweiller, which was rooted up by the troops sent from Landau for that purpose. Of the revolution that took place at Greece on the 12th and 13th of April, you will find some details in the Toulon journals, which prove that Russian influence in the Morea is at an end for ever.

THE CHOLERA.

From the second edition of the New York Journal of Commerce.

LATEST FROM MONTREAL.

We had the pleasure of an interview with John E Mills, Esq. at the house of C. & J.-E. Mills, Montreal, who left that city on the evening of the 21st.

He informs that the number of burials on the 20th was 40 or 50 *less* than on the 19th. On the 19th, the number was 149. 18th, 143; 17th, 116. On the 21st, the physicians said they had less applications, and that the disease was evidently abating.

At first the disease was confined almost exclusively to the low population but latterly it has cut down many in the higher ranks of society. Among the recent victims, are Horace Dickinson, the great mail-contractor, father-in-law to the Rev. Mr. Perkins, minister of the Am. Presb. church. Montreal; Stephen Sewall, Esq. King's Attorney, Levi Adams, Esq., Advocate; Mr. McIntyre, firm of Simmons, McIntyre, & Co.; Henry M'Kenzie, partner in the late N. W. Company; Alexander M'Millan, Esq. and John L. Smith.

Business was almost entirely suspended. The Bank of Montreal was kept open two or three hours each day.—One or two deaths (domestics) had occurred in that part of the building occupied as a dwelling by the Cashier. The Bank of Quebec was still open—having been closed but one day, which was in consequence of the death of two of the clerks.

The disease was decidedly more prevalent at Montreal than at Quebec. The streets are even more filthy than our own. Our informant is of opinion that very few are attacked by the genuine Asiatic Cholera, recover. Many cases of common Cholera are set down as Asiatic. A considerable number of deaths are believed to have been occasioned by little else than fear.

At the Indian village of Caughnewaga, near Montreal—at Lachine—the Cascades and Cedars—Coteau du Lac, Vercheres, &c. &c. the disease is on an alarming extent, in proportion to the population.

Between Lapierie and St. John's our informant met the New York deputation of Physicians.

The number of deaths at Lapierie, on the 21st was 5. At St. John's, same day, there were more or less sudden deaths, but whether occasioned by Cholera, or not, was disputed.

Mr. Mills has favored us with a handbill from the office of the Plattsburgh Aurora, of which the following is an extract:—

Plattsburgh, June 23, 9 o'clock A. M.

Report of the Board of Health.

The board have again the satisfaction of saying there are no new cases of the Cholera, since last report. No case since Tuesday—but seven cases have occurred altogether. Dead 6, remaining and convalescent, one.

No case is reported by the Board of Health of Burlington, since Tuesday. Indeed it is not known that any case has occurred in any part of the surrounding town, or in the vicinity of the Lake south of Canada, since the 18th inst.—Boards of Health are now organized in the principal towns along the Lake, and the whole community appear to be taking measures to prevent the spread of the pestilence.

Dr. Kane, the Physician employed by the board to visit Montreal, has returned, and he, with our other physicians, will prepare a *statement of facts*, accompanied with such advice in regard to the treatment of the Cholera as may be deemed useful to the public. This will be published and distributed by the Board as soon as practicable.

Dr. Kane reports that the number of cases is lessening in Montreal.

From the Albany Argus Extra, June 30, 4 o'clock, P. M.

From our correspondents, Messrs. Gates & Co. dated

MONTREAL, June 21, 1832.

We are happy to say that the disease is assuming a milder character, and the number of attacks much diminished, within the last two days. Indeed, this day all our physicians agree that the number of cases is reasonably diminished, and yield more readily to medical treatment than they did. The truth, probably is, that the victims most susceptible of severe attack (we mean the drunkards and tipplers, upon whom it almost invariably proves fatal,) have been swept off and the physicians, no doubt, understand the disease better than they did. We presume to say, that we do not overrate the deaths at the average of 100 per day for the last ten days, which is a fearful mortality for a population of 30 or 35 000.

We wish we could say, in truth, that none but the worthless in our community had fallen victims in this dreadful disease, but many families of respectable standing have to mourn the loss of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, whose lives and habits were most regular and temperate. A great many emigrants and Canadians, though not of the higher order of society, yet regular in their habits, but poor hard working men, exposed and poorly fed, have died.

By last night's mail, we received Quebec and Montreal papers, the former of the 15th and the latter of the 21st inst. We are happy to say that the disease in Montreal had considerably abated, and that in Quebec, though mitigated in violence on the 17th and 18th, and increased again on the 19th, was on the whole upon the wane.

The disease has broken out at Niagara, U. C. and at Berthier and La Chine, L. C.

From the Montreal Gazette, June 21.

It affords us great satisfaction to have it in our power to announce to our readers that the cholera is very sensibly diminishing, both in the number of persons attacked, and in the mortality. We had an opportunity yesterday of conversing with several of our medical practitioners, and from all of them we learn that their services have been less in request than during the disease had been in its virulence and the recoveries were very numerous. The board of health have to-day issued a notice, which we lay before our readers in its meagre and imperfect form.

BOARD OF HEALTH, MONTREAL. }
Wednesday, June 20th, 1832. }

New cases reported from Monday, 2 o'clock, P. M. to Tuesday, 2 o'clock, P. M.	274
Deaths in the same period	149
From Tuesday, 2 o'clock, P. M. to Wednesday, 20th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. new cases reported	165
Deaths in same period	85

By order. J. GUTHRIE SCOTT, Sec'y.

The Health Commissioner has not received reports of new cases from Drs. Caldwell and Buchanan for Tuesday, nor from Drs. Caldwell, Holmes, Buchanan and Porter for Wednesday.

The Report of this morning, in this city, from different medical men, is in the highest degree satisfactory and consoling. The disease may be said to have spent its force, and to be subsiding as suddenly as it broke out.—Many were not called up at all, and others went out only once or twice, to prescribe for cases of supposed symptoms.

REMOVAL.—A letter from a gentleman at Berthier, yesterday, announces 12 deaths, and another this morning two additional.

LACHINE.—The Cholera has appeared at Lachine, and among the deaths we have heard, are those of Mr. Michael Monk, of Williamsburgh, son of Mr. Mathias Monk, and Mr. Whitney, tavern-keeper, of Lachine. It has also broken out at Coteau du Lac, and has swept away several emigrants and inhabitants.

NIAGARA, U. C.—The Rochester Daily Advertiser of Friday says:—Captain Seeton, of the schr. Rochester, arrived at the mouth of the river yesterday, from Lewistown, reports that a vessel, the Mooresburgh, Chief arrived in Niagara, U. C. on Tuesday, from Kingston, loaded with emigrants, and that there had been one death on board, of the cholera. They were refused permission to land in Niagara, and were anchored in the river when the Rochester left.

Translated for the Argus from the Canadian of the 18th.

We have to lament the loss of a distinguished citizen in the death of C. S. Ferrault, Secretary of the Bureau of Commerce, and one of the resident physicians of the city of Quebec. Mr. Ferrault has, since the commencement of the present malady, shown a degree of zeal and activity truly exemplary, and he died, we may say, a victim to his devotion to the duties of his calling. This gentleman was one of the most distinguished of our Canadian physicians, and in him the faculty have met with a loss which it will be difficult to repair.

On the 18th, the Board of Health, and the medical faculty officially announced, that "the prevailing epidemic had considerably abated during the last two days in the violence of its symptoms, and the fatality of its termination." In announcation which its figures in the table confirm.—On the following day, (18th,) however, the disease, we repeat, seemed to be increasing. The following is the official report of the day.

Cases admitted into the hospitals from the 18th to the 19th June.—

Emigrant Hospital.—Remaining at last report, 113; admitted since, 12; discharged cured, 4; convalescent, 64; dead, 9; remaining 48.

Lower Town Hospital.—Remaining at last report 86; admitted since, 31; discharged cured, 6; convalescent, 22; dead, 22; remaining 68.

Total admissions, 543—total deaths 240.

T. A. YOUNG, Secretary.

From Nesson's Quebec Gazette, of June 18.

Among the persons who are said to have died of the prevailing disease since our last, are the following:—Mr. Corbett, tavern-keeper, Buade street, Miss Hamel daughter of Mr. Hamel, blacksmith, Mountain street; William Green, Esq. barrister and clerk of the peace; Mr. Lemaire, dit Jugon; Mrs. Pratt, wife of the merchant, St. John street; Mr. Stillings, merchant, do.; Mr. Labbee, sen., ship carpenter, St. Roch; Mr. Peter Baldwin, pump and block maker, St. Valain street; Mr. Perault, son of the Professor of Botany. Mr. Woodruff, student of medicine with Mr. Munsee; Mr. Miller, tavern keeper, Chaplain street; Mr. Kingsland do.; Mr. Hittle, Anse, Upper Town; Mr. Prieque, Langlois, do.; Mrs. Molson, Mrs. Brewer, tavern keeper, Mrs. Baron, St. John's Suburbs; Mrs. Vezenette, St. Roch's Suburbs; Mr. Jean Moisan, jr. and Mr. Dominic Lortie, do. St. John's Suburbs.

The Board of Health of Quebec have ordered all taverns in that place and Banlieu to be closed on severe under the severest penalties of the law, until further notice.—They have also doubled the allowance to the medical attendants at the hospital, and have recommended to the clergy to report the whole number of burials attended by them during the prevailing malady, and daily, in future, all cases of a suspicious character.

NOVEMBER 16th, 1831.

Report of the Edinburgh Board of Health on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera.

The Edinburgh board of Health having maturely considered what steps should be taken for checking the Epidemic Cholera, if it should appear in this city, are of opinion that the proper time is now arrived for making the following directions for the guidance of the inhabitants.

I. The board are satisfied, that the disease may arise spontaneously from hidden causes: and that it may also become contagious in circumstances not yet ascertained. But they are warranted in declaring, that, when it does become contagious, the risk of its spreading in that manner is very much diminished if due attention be paid to cleanliness and ventilation, and the family of the patient kept in a room set apart for that purpose.

II. Experience has shown, that the most essential precaution for escaping the disease is sobriety,—that intoxication during the prevalence of the epidemic is almost sure to be followed by an attack,—and that those addicted to drinking are the most subject to take cholera, and the most likely to sink under it. In like manner, strict attention to personal cleanliness,—to cleanliness and ventilation of dwelling houses, to warm clothing,—to regularity for hours of sleep,—to keeping within doors as much as possible at night,—and to taking food before going out in the morning,—may be relied on as important means of security.

III. The board are providing, that, should the disease appear, several hospitals shall be opened over the city,—also that stations shall be established, where as well as at the hospitals, medicines and heating apparatus may be procured at all hours of the day and night,—and likewise that, if necessary, all night watchmen shall be supplied with medicines for the immediate use of any who need them. By these means it will be in the power of every one to procure instant aid.

Notice of the situations of hospitals and stations for medical aid will be given the instant the disease may appear.

IV. But in guarding against the falling of death, especially at the dead of night when the disease is very apt to begin, the board recommend families to provide the following articles:—

1. *Mixture.*—Take sulphuric ether and aromatic spirit of hartshorn, of each half an ounce, compound tincture of cinnamon, one ounce. Mix and cork up carefully.

2. *Laudanum.*—An ounce to be kept in readiness.

3. *Pills.*—Take of opium twenty-four grains; camphor one drachm; extract of liquorice and tincture of roses enough to make a mass of proper consistence. Divide into twenty-four pills.

4. *Cinders.*—Take of laudanum an ounce, tincture of assafœtida two ounces. Mix for keeping.—Before using, mix three tea-spoonfuls with a wine glass full of thin starch and retain it, when injected by pressure below with a wine cloth, as long as possible.

5. *Mustard Poultices.*—Have always at hand four ounces of powdered mustard.

Spare poultices will be sufficient for one patient.

6. *Hot Air Bath.*—The board have approved of a box as bath of a simple construction, which may be seen at the Lunatic Asylum, and made by any carpenter, price about ten shillings. Every family who can afford it ought to have one.

V. No time should be lost in sending for medical aid.—But when the disease commences suddenly in a violent form, it is dangerous to lose even a few minutes which must pass before such aid can be had. This form is at once known by sudden weakness, contracted, ghastly countenance, blueness of the lips, and general coldness, accompanying or preceding vomiting, purging, and cramps.

In such cases the friends will without delay give a table-spoonful of the *Mixture*, No. 1, with 60 drops of laudanum, in half a wine-glassful of *cold* water. Follow this with a table-spoonful occasionally of warm spirits and water, or strongly spiced wine. Repeat two tea-spoonfuls of the *Mixture*, with 30 drops of laudanum, every half hour if the first dose fails to relieve. If the mixture be vomited, then give two *Pills*, No. 3, and repeat one every half hour if the first two fail to relieve or be vomited. But after the vomiting and cramps cease, the mixture is not to be repeated without medical advice. The *Cinders*, No. 4, should be reported to also from the first, and repeated once if not retained.—[N. B. The doses of the mixture, laudanum, pills, and clyster must not be exceeded. For children of fourteen, half the doses mentioned, and for children of seven one fourth is sufficient.] The *Hot air Bath*, or, if it is not at hand, dry heat over the whole body in any shape, such as dry hot blankets and hot bricks, sand, or bottles of hot water,—together with constant rubbing of the whole body, should likewise be resorted to from the first.—The *Mustard Poultices* should as soon as possible be applied over the belly and on the soles and calves, and kept on till the patient complains of the smarting.

By the time these measures have been put in force, opportunity will have been given for procuring medical advice, which is indispensible for the treatment afterwards. The board think it necessary to caution the public, that where this disease has prevailed, blood letting, when resorted to within the first, second or third hour from the commencement of the attack, has been very generally found useful along with other remedies, on which during the appearance of sudden weakness and excessive sinking already mentioned.

VI. By following these rules, and taking prompt advantage of the provision made at the station-posts, the Board are convinced that most people will be checked at the outset. Even the same time, they strongly warn the laboring classes to convey the sick friends with all speed to the hospitals, rather than try to cure them at home, where they can seldom have the proper means at command. The hospitals will, it is hoped, be so numerous, that one shall be near every man's habitation; and carriages to serve at the same time as dry-heat bath, may be found always ready at the hospitals and stations, for the instant removal of patients at all hours of the day and night. The Board feel assured, that, by quickly availing themselves of these provisions, working people will get their sick friends brought sooner and far more effectually under treatment than in any other way: and they must not forget that every minute's delay is highly dangerous.

VII. The moment the disease is suspected to have appeared, information must be given to Mr. Wm. G. Cunningham, Esq. Clerk to the board at the City Chambers.—And, should it establish itself in the town, medical men are expected to attend to the same quarter, every morning before half past nine, a report of each new case, of death, or recovery, specifying the name, residence, age, employment, date of seizure, and date of the event. The board anxiously look for punctuality in this respect from every medical person.

Specimens of the labels are here annexed, for the information of medical persons and others in the country who may be applied to for the articles recommended by the board.

No. 1.—*Cholera Mixture.*—A table-spoonful, with fifty drops of laudanum, in half a wine-glassful of cold water. If the first fail to relieve, repeat two spoonfuls, with 30 drops of laudanum every half hour.

Half these doses of mixture and laudanum, for children of 14. One fourth for children of 7.

Do not exceed the doses prescribed, and stop when the vomiting and cramp cease, unless you have medical advice.

No. 2.—*Cholera Pills.*—To be used if the mixture No. 1 be vomited. Two pills at first, and then one every hour, but no first dose fails to relieve. Half these doses for children of 14, one-fourth for children of 7. Do not exceed the doses prescribed, and stop when the vomiting and cramp cease, unless you have medical advice.

No. 3.—*Cholera Cinders.*—Inject three tea-spoonfuls in a wine-glassful of thin warm gruel, and retain as long as possible by pressure below with a warm cloth, if not retained, repeat immediately, but otherwise not.

Half the dose for children of 14—one-fourth for children of 7.

No. 4.—*Mustard Poultices.*—A fourth part is enough for one person. Dust in thickly over porridge poultices, of which apply a large one on the belly, and others on the soles and calves. Remove when the patient complains much of the smarting.

A Paris letter-writer, (the intelligent correspondent of the New York Courier,) states, under date of April 30, that up to that time the official report gave the number of cholera cases that had occurred in Paris as 13,035, but he entertained no doubt that 20,000 cases had occurred. But one American had been attacked, and six or seven Englishmen. The deaths averaged one to every three cases.

Evening Post.

Office No. 13 Nelson's Alley, where all kinds of book, pamphlet, and ornamental job printing is executed, at a short notice, on the most reasonable terms. Subscriptions for the Post and Casket also received. All pa paid letters, directed as above, will be promptly attended to.

The Mayor, we observe, has been informed, by Commodore Barron, the Secretary of the Navy, at the request of Mr. Dallas, with the consent of the Commissioners of the Navy under Feed, and the approbation of the President, has opened the use of the Naval Hospital, on the Schuylkill, to patients of the district, in case the Cholera should be its appearance in this quarter with a condition giving for the accommodation of those for whom the Board may interpose, and for no interference in good order. A measure of precaution, it is well that such a place has been secured, though it will not, probably, be found necessary to use it.

An extraordinary feature of the power of a horse occurred a day or two ago on the Philadelphia and Germantown Rail Road. A single horse, attached to one of the passenger cars, with 41 passengers in, travelled from the depot to Germantown, a distance of 6 miles, in 24 minutes, and returned the same distance the same day, with nearly the same load, in 28 minutes, and was not distressed. The curve, however, usually driven by two horses drives two.—

The Philadelphia Associates for Celebrating the Fourth of July, will close on approaching anniversary at the Masonic Hall. Upwards of three hundred gentlemen will, it is expected, join the festivities of the occasion. In the morning, the members of the Association, accompanied by an excellent band of one or more of our volunteer companies, will walk through several of the principal streets, bearers of which shall be wreaths and wearing badges appropriate to the day. The oration will be delivered at the New Catholic Chapel, St. Paul's in Thirteenth street, which has, in the kindest manner, been granted for the occasion. The whole display is no doubt prove creditable to the city and to the Association.

GIRAR BANK TICKET.

1 John A. Brown,	8 Darden B. Carter,
2 John Hemphill,	9 Thomas Cave,
3 Richard D. Wood,	10 Geo Taylor,
4 Thomas T. Rockhill,	11 Capt. John Steele,
5 Benj. W. Richards,	12 Gaseus W. Tryon,
6 James Schott,	13 George Handy.
7 Pearson Scovill,	

The foregoing ticket for Directors will be supported at the election on Monday next.

Appointments by the Mayor agreeably to the provisions of "the ordinance for lottery purposes."

Sworn Sealers.

Joseph S. Kite, residence No. 19 Chestnut street.
James Widener, do. 35 S. Fifth street.
John Mc Mullin, do. 140 S. Fifth street.
Nial Hughes, Sour Alley, near Fifth street.
John F. Logue, corner of Thirteenth and Race st.
Joseph Carr, corner of Minor and Fifth street.
Hugh Henry, Rosemont above Broad.
Conrad Wile, Rosemont above Broad.

Two young men, the one named Montgomery, the other Alexander, fellow-men, several friends, and residents of this country for the twelve years, after wrestling together in merry sort and earnest, in the neighborhood of Dock Hill on Sunday last, became excited, and finally fought in earnest, and with great severity, for several successive rounds. Some of the bystanders at length succeeded in parting them, but about a quarter of an hour afterwards, Alexander, who was by far the heaviest man fell suddenly over and died in a few minutes. A jury was called forthwith, who after a sufficient examination of the body, decided the immediate cause of the death to have been a severe blow given behind the ear.

We are authorized to state, that the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Rail-road company, have received for rents during the short period since the opening of the road, a sum considerably exceeding three thousand dollars. We have further authentic information that the company are in daily expectation of receiving a first rate locomotive engine from England, which will immediately be put in operation on the road, arrangements having been made for the employment of a first rate steam engineer. We learn also, that the rail in a very short time will be completed to the Germantown main street, and that the location of line to the Manchester will forthwith be put under contract, the company relying on hand all the materials for the extent of the route.

It is a subject of just complaint that our markets are beginning to be supplied with green fruit of the worst description. At all times this is a pernicious practice, but particularly so at present, and we see no reason why efficient measures should not be taken to put an effectual restraint on the culpable avarice of those who for a trifling gain, do not hesitate to sell poison, or that which in effects is equally direful. Once apples not larger than cherries are offered for sale, and greedily devoured by children when from under the eyes of their parents. There are laws prohibiting the sale of tainted meat and other offensive articles, and we think they might with propriety be extended to the sickly trash in question, which is equally pernicious, if not the occasion of much more sickness.

We are informed by the St. Louis Times of the 9th inst. that no intelligence of general interest had been received from the war of the Indian war. Gen. Atkinson was still encamped at the Rapids, with some three thousand militia; the regular troops were fortifying themselves at Union's. It was believed that would be in the field and ready for action. The two prisoners, taken prisoners at the time one an Indian cook, had been ransomed, at $1,000, and restored to their friends.

FROM MONTREAL.—The following is an extract of a letter dated Montreal, June 20th, 1832.

"Business is completely at a stand in this place; most of the stores are closed. The ravages of the Cholera have indeed been frightful, that God, it is now beginning to abate. Upwards of fifteen hundred souls have fallen victims in this place. A great number of these bodies have not been regularly buried, but have been thrown into pits thirty or forty feet deep, and lime thrown over them. It is alarming to witness such scenes. Dead carcasses are passing through our streets continually. The following has been mentioned to me as a very excellent remedy. 2 tablespoonsful of pulverized charcoal, 2 do. boy's lard, 2 do. maple sugar; mingle them all together, and give the patient a teaspoonful of the mixture. For cramps, make some strong rennet tea, and give an ounce. Reduce it one half, and bathe the patient freely with it. I have known this remedy successful in very many cases.

Census of Lowell.—The Lowell Journal states that the census of that town, taken by Mr. Isaac Sears agreeably to a vote in town meeting, shows the whole number of inhabitants to be 16,954, of which 6279 are white males, 9955 white females, and 20 colored the white males between 20 and 30 years old are 1496, and between 10 and 40, 2279; the white females between 10 and 20, 1462; 20 and 30, 2712; and between 10 and 40, 4813. In June 1830, the population was 6477, being a gain of nearly 4000 in two years, at which rate it will double in about three years.

The adjoining village of Belvidere numbers 1000, which if annexed to Lowell (as has been repeatedly proposed) would increase the population of the latter to 17,954.

Among the preventives of Cholera which the Montreal Board of Health suggest, are,—No alteration in the mode of living, except as regards quality, nor not to eat unless the appetite be keen, and even then not to gratify the appetite to its full extent. Cucumbers, melons, radishes, and all green fruits, are pronounced decidedly injurious. No medicines should be taken as preventives, as it has been observed that several have thereby exposed themselves to the disease. Medical advice should be sought immediately on the appearance of the first symptoms.

Poor Mrs. Trollope is severely dealt with by the editorial fraternity. The Cincinnati Gazette says of her:—

Some of the citizens of Cincinnati know a little of one Mrs. Trollope, who came among us a literary pretender, and who left us to say Tom, and report to Bazar, the which she had not means enough to pay those that furnished the materials, and performed the labour. She had a young Frenchman in her train, whose relation to her was exceedingly equivocal. She did not succeed amongst us. Her whole appearance and conduct corresponded with her name. She was an expedient kind of man-woman—of vulgar exterior, both in person and dress—of forward manners, and altogether just such a woman as no man could choose as the mother of either sons or daughters. She speculated with her son, and failed, and left us, as she came, poorly, not largely in debt, and left us, as she stood with us, in disrepute. She went to England, where she was born, and wrote and published a book on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in which she tries to arrange herself on the just estimate with which the Americans regard herself and her pretensions."

The following singular murder was committed by a negro woman, near Hillsborough, Tyler co. Virginia, last week. A young man residing in the vicinity, in which the negro woman was a servant, gave her some offence, when she, in a rage, threatened to kill a young lady to whom he was about to be married. The threat was at the time unheeded, but some days after, the young lady having occasion to cross the river, the negress offered her services to row the boat; the offer was accepted, and when the boat was half way over the river, the negress suddenly rose and plunged the lady into the river, at the same time striking her with the oar, and holding her under water until she was drowned. The negress was soon arrested, and immediately confessed her crime, and acknowledged her motive.

The American schooner Elizabeth, Bruyne, master, which arrived at Boston on Thursday from Halifax, has been seized by the Collector of that district, for a violation of the laws of the United States, prohibiting American vessels from bringing a greater number of passengers from a foreign port than a proportion of two to every five tons of her measurement. She had 91 passengers, while her measurement was only 47 1-4 tons. The law imposes a penalty of $50 dollars for every passenger over the proportionable number. British vessels may bring as many as their owners may deem proper.

SENTENCES IN THE LAST MAYOR'S COURT.—James Selby, convicted of Larceny, two years imprisonment.

Margaret Robinson, and Louisa Allen, black girls, convicted of the larceny of a set of spoons, &c. belonging to a member of the Perseverance Hose Company, one year each.

Sarah Purse, larceny, two years.
Samuel Clowes, larceny 2 1-2 yrs, one year.
Wm. M'Kinney, larceny, six months.
Henry Seaton, convicted of the larceny of a trunk from Mr. J. Myer's, Union House, was sentenced 18 three years' imprisonment.
John Dickerson, larceny, one year.
John Warner, larceny, eighteen months.
William Wilson, a black, three years.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY.—Physicians of all ages and countries have found it a difficult matter to minister to a mind diseased. All temporal affections, not even exc

...ver he vindicates the character and reputation the memory of De Witt Clinton, from the atrocious aspersions of certain calumniators, misguided and infuriated by party zeal. Finally, the author arrives at that grand conclusion: that "the institution [of speculative freemasonry] ought to be totally abandoned, on its own merits, independently of any charges of misconduct that might have been preferred against it." He supports this opinion by the exhibition of twelve powerful reasons, addressed to the serious consideration of all who shall adhere to the order: and we commend these arguments to the deep study of the fraternity, in the state of New York especially.

The literary talent of Col. Stone has been long established. It may hence be superfluous to remark, that these letters are written in a style at once elegant and perspicuous. Though they form a pocket volume, they are replete with so interest sufficiently attractive to ensure a most thorough and extensive perusal, not only upon the theatre of "The Excitement," and within the limits of that commonwealth, but throughout the entire country, and in every portion of the civilized world where may exist a spirit of curiosity in looking into the springs of human action, and in studying the causes and effects of great popular delusion and agitation.

THE CHOLERA'S WARNING.

The following humorous warning upon this grave subject may perhaps do more real good than advice in a more serious garb. It is addressed to be addressed to the editor of a newspaper:—

Sir,—As I am at present residing in England, and may probably soon pay a visit to my friends in America, I have thought it best to send beforehand to your columns a slight sketch of my literary and professional proceedings. I was born and bred in India. My father, who is a well known old servant, named me Cholera, by way of signifying my sympathy and regard to the cross and cholerick portion of mankind. I am particularly attached to every thing my parents has a hand in, asserting always, in whatever country I inhabit, with the promoters of any kind of evil and impunity. The profligate, the drunkards, the gluttons, the lazy, the dirty, the quarrelsome, may be sure I shall find out their abode.

I never fail to fix on those constitutions that have been enfeebled by debauchery, or undermined by the infallible poisons which are such luxuries in your country, under the name of quack medicines. I prefer lodging always in narrow courts, and in cellars under ground, as numbers where no windows will open; in the confectionaries of gracemeters, pasts, or the purlieus of public houses, redolent of bar beer, strong effluvia of punch, whiskey, and blue ruin. But this I must observe, that if a man be industrious, sober, and temperate, I shall have nothing to say to him. If he rise early, open wide his windows, wash himself from head to foot, whitewash his house, take his meals with his family, and keep himself always in good humour with his neighbours—such a one I cannot abide. He may live in health, and die, in good old age, for all I can do to the contrary. I pass by his cheerful hearth and heart to revel in the rotten lives of the drunkard, and stir about the boiling bile of the sulky, the discontented, and the libidinous. I am sir, yours truly,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

P. S.—For the information of artificers I beg to add, that I am very fond of kissing those well groomed wall, and die! I revel in those carcases which are stuffed one half the week and starved the other.

From The Sunday (N. Y.) Messenger.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

On the 30th of July last, Paul B. Turrey, of Naples, in this county, was committed to the jail in this village, charged with the murder of his son, an interesting boy about six years old, who was alleged to have died on the preceding day, in consequence of the cruel treatment he had received from his father. At the General Session held here in August following, an indictment was found against him, for murder, which was removed to have been tried at the Oyer and Terminer, in January last, but an application was then made for a commission to take the testimony of witnesses in the state of Vermont, which was granted, and the trial was therefore postponed until the next term of that court, which was held in this village last week. The District Attorney, supposing that the proof might show that the boy came to his death in a manner different from that charged in the indictment, brought the matter before the grand jury again soon after the opening of the court last week, who found a new indictment, upon which Turrey was arraigned on Tuesday. The trial commenced on Wednesday morning. The cause was committed to the jury about six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, who retired, and after an absence of about four hours, returned with a verdict finding the accused guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. The court immediately sentenced him to imprisonment in the state prison at Auburn, for the term of seven years. The trial excited unusual interest, and most of the time during its progress, the court room was crowded to excess.

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND BAY OF BISCAY.—The great canal, originally projected by Riquet, the French engineer, for the purpose of uniting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, is about to be accomplished under Galabert. It will join the Languedoc canal at Toulouse, and take up the Adour, at the port of Lanse, after traversing the departments of the Upper Garonne, Upper Pyrenees, and Landes. This splendid enterprise will remove the difficulties, dangers, and loss of time, consequent upon the navigation of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the coasting along the shores of Portugal, Spain or Africa. The canal will be deep and spacious enough for the admission of vessels of a hundred or a hundred and fifty tons burthen, and undoubtedly contribute largely to the prosperity of Bayonne and the South of France.

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl. fresh from wagons	$4 25	
RYE do. do.	2 50	
WHEAT, per bushel,	1 30	
RYE do.	80	
CORN, per bushel,	50	
FLAXSEED, per bushel,	none	
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	none	
BEEF do. do.	none	
LARD, Leaf, do.	1 00	
TALLOW, do.	1 00	
BUTTER, from wagons, do.	20	
EGGS, per dozen,	10	
CHEESE, per lb.	11	
LARD, per do.	14	
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	14	
CHEESE, per do.	14	
SALT, Ground, per bushel,	50	
do. fine do.	38	
do. for Western do.	31	
TALLOW do.	7	
FEATHERS, per lb.	50	
WHISKY, Western, per gallon, in bbls.	19	
do. do. do. in hhds.	20	
COFFEE, per lb.	11	
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	14	
CHEESE, per do.	7	
LARD, do.	10	
FEATHERS, do.	35	
CANDLES, do.	9	
FEATHERS, do.	50	
COTTON, WOOL, whitest,	33	
do. do. Florida and La Plata, per lb.	31 to 38	
FEATHERS, do.	24 to 28	
FLAXSEED, White Flax, boards, per bush'l	.815 to 20	
do. do. Tow, do.	15 to 16	
do. do.	11 to 12	
do. do.	8 to 9	
do. do.	16 to 23	

The Market.—Quotations [illegible] and prices declining. [illegible] Sales of Genesee Flour at $4 25 cash, and $4 31 to 4 37½ on time. Sales of Pennsylvania Wheat, on the Schuylkill at 127 cents. Sales of Delaware at 120 cents. Corn has sold at last week's prices—one cargo Southern Yellow brought somewhat better. Rye is nearly at 80 cents, a cargo of Southern Oats sold at 40 cents. Whiskey is held higher, but the sales are only to a limited extent, in small lots. A lot of 140 bales Louisiana Cotton sold at 11 cents, 4 mos. The alarm of the Cholera approaching our city has in a great measure subsided, and Drugs—which had been eagerly taken at advanced prices, are now neglected at the sideboard.

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,

			Per
$100	Pennsylvania Five cents	1828, at 111	100
50	Lehigh Coal and Navigation Stock	do.	103½ 100
20	Farmers Bank of the United States,		107 100
10	do. Commercial Bank,		85 50
1	do. Mechanics Bank		47½ 35
10	do. Girard Bank,		120 10
10	do. do.		10 10
40	do. Western Bank		75½ 10
5	do. do. do.		75½ 10
20	do. Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank,		174 15
10	do. Schuylkill Navigation,		27½ 25
5	do. Lehigh Coal & Navigation,		30 30
9	do. Germantown & Perkiomen Turnpike		50½ 100

Furnished by Ashbrook Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No 44 South Third Street.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, June 30, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"The Dying One," by Oscar, on our first page, is touching and plaintive beyond any thing we have recently seen. Oscar has the head and the heart of a true and natural poet. Let him cultivate, with care and *diligence*, his talents, and his future efforts will reflect much credit on the literature of his country.

We cannot insert obituary notices, without having a knowledge of the sundays or the subject.

The article from Miss H. [illegible] are just such as we are pleased to receive from that source. They will be published shortly.

A. J. T.'s wish is complied with. A piece of humorous nature is received from a reading in his request last week.

J. B. is undecipherable.

The sketch headed "Emily Benfield," has so little merit to point of composition, but the disposal of the characters, and the conclusion so apparent to the effusions of the heroine, we hesitate among themselves. There should be, in such articles, at least a show of consistency.

A. dwells on a hackneyed subject in a hackneyed manner. So often true a fault on that he has chosen for an able, sensible subject of original thought.

Charlotte we have no room for at present.

The Legend, by M. is about nonsense.

From the articles forwarded by the Indian Boat, we select one—"What is Love"—for publication, the others possess less merit.

J. T. we cannot oblige.

The article entitled, "Means and Actions," by R. T. W. is on file.

The "Village Grave Yard," is about too long for our columns (even not for the interest our readers. If the author can abridge it, without distracting from its merits, we shall be much gratified, and will harness to give it a place.

X. will be inserted, but not next week, as a number of articles, quite as meritorious, claim precedence from their attention on our file.

The edition of the Post, which we publish today, will consume the lot of paper which we have been using for some time past, and give place to other of a former texture and better quality in every respect. Some complaints have been made in regard to our present paper, and we are sensible, not without cause. In its purchase we were deceived, and we have continued to use it for no other reason, than that better was not to be had at a moment's notice. That we shall commence using next week, we feel persuaded, will give satisfaction.

Another anniversary of our National independence will arrive previous to the publication of our next number. It will find us, we trust, attached as devotedly as ever to our country, as patriotic in our feelings, as we boast of being, and as grateful as we should be, for the unremitting care of Providence, in securing to us the invaluable blessings of peace, freedom, and prosperity. The day is one which should ever be set apart as worthy of celebration—not for purposes of frolic, political junkettings, drinking and brawl,—but in social circles to review our past history, and by it learn a useful lesson for the future; to a sacrifice of all sinister and selfish motives, and to a determination so to conduct ourselves, that when we retire from the battle of life, we may leave our children a country, free and glorious in its institutions, virtuous and intelligent in its people, and sustained in its government by muscle or oppression. Liberty is the precious boon which we have received from our fathers, let us hand it unsullied to the generation which shall succeed us.

The public celebration of the day, in this city, will be less imposing than on some previous occasions, in order that all excesses among the intemperate and unthinking, whereby they might expose themselves to disease and death, may be avoided. We are glad of this, being fully persuaded that to indulge gormandising propensities, and the thirst which exertion, parade, and fatigue, naturally call for, will completely destroy all the commendable exertions which our citizens are making to secure our city from an attack of a pestilence, now so much dreaded. All excitement should be carefully avoided. If troops parade, they should be early dismissed, and if any partake of public dinners, let them beware of excess over the bottle. Strong drink is the poison which prepares the system for the Cholera.

The Young Men's Association, will celebrate the day with an oration and various exercises, which will take place in the morning, in the new Catholic Cathedral, in Tenth street. The members will afterwards partake of a public dinner, at the Masonic Hall.

A public meeting of citizens convened at the Hall of Independence, on Monday last, in relation to the construction of a Pennsylvania Washington Monument. H. W. Richards, Esq. Mayor, presided. Resolutions were offered by C. J. Ingersoll, Esq. and adopted by the meeting, calling for the appointment of a committee of twenty-four, to collect and receive instructions from individuals and associations throughout the state, and to obtain such sums as may be already collected, to be applied to the construction of a suitable monument to the memory of the immortal Washington. A gratifying statement was made by Col. Childs, showing the feeling which prevails among all classes of citizens, in view of this object, and their willingness to come forward with their mites.

The July number of Atkinson's Casket is one of superior value, both as regards its embellishments, and its reading contents. The copperplate engraving is a representation of the newest fashions, exceedingly well executed and finished, and beautifully coloured. It will compare with any engraving of the fashions that has ever been published in America. The wood cut giving a representation of the interior of the House of Representatives at Washington, deserves particular notice. It is executed in the usual style of our wood engraver, and very happily combines all the materials for rendering a picture showy and effective.

Several valuable original articles of prose and poetry grace the pages of this number, which will be read with pleasure and profit. Appended is the Fountain of Marrah, a sacred song, written by Mrs. Hemans, set to music, and arranged for the Piano Forte.

Those who may wish to examine this work previous to subscribing, can obtain single copies of this number by calling at the publication office.—Price 25 cents.

On Wednesday afternoon, Capt. Page's company of State Fencibles landed at a wharf in Kensington, on their return from their eastern tour. They were received by a hearty welcome from some thousands of their fellow citizens, assembled to greet them, and escorted into the city, by a detachment of our city volunteers under the command of Col. J. S. Riley. The Fencibles bore themselves like men, though their appearance indicated fatigue. Their reception at every stopping place was cordial and highly flattering. Capt. Fritz's company of Greys, left the city yesterday morning, on a similar excursion.

A variety of pleasing entertainments have been presented at the Walnut street Theatre, during the past week. Masaniello has been performed several times with decided interest and effect. Cherry and Fair Star was revived, in splendid style, on Thursday evening, and as it is well performed, will probably have a good run. The managers are liberal in their labours, and attentive to the business of the house.

Mr. Booth is under engagement, and appeared last evening in the character of Sir Giles.

The representation of Mr. Dixon's new Opera of the Hypochondriac, is deferred until September.

From late Montreal papers it appears that the Cholera is abating in violence. The number of deaths in twenty-four hours have sensibly decreased for several successive days, and sanguine hopes are entertained that the pestilence will soon terminate altogether.

The Canada Record of the 22d instant, which we have before us, refers, in terms of great severity, to the inaction of the Board of Health, in relation to this disease. It states that no measures were adopted for removing the filth of the city, and the nuisances to be found in every square, sufficient of themselves to beget a plague; that instead of adopting and publishing some official prescription for the use of cholera patients, as the medical body was inadequate to obey all the calls, they issued circulars to apothecaries, prohibiting them from vending medicines, unless at the instance of a regular physician. Other charges of an equally serious nature are laid against the Board, which, if true, cannot but expose them to the indignation of the community.

The Record strongly deprecates the course pursued by some, in leaving the city to escape the disease, and mentions several instances of such being overtaken by the cholera, when a few miles from the city, and perishing for want of medical aid.

In this city every exertion which prudence and experience can suggest, is being made for the prevention of the introduction of this pestilence. Our citizens in the several wards of the city and districts, have formed themselves into block committees to ferret out all nuisances which may exist, with a view to their prompt removal. Additional superintendants for cleaning our streets have been appointed, and a continuation of their present labors will soon give our lanes and alleys a wholesome and cleanly appearance, which will set the cholera at defiance. Great alarm does not prevail, but a determination to do all that can be done to avert the pestilence, is every where apparent. We have strong hopes that the disease may pass us altogether, but if not, we feel confident its devastating effects to us will be trifling.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—There is not, in nature, a more useful animal than the horse. There is none that so beautifully combines handsome appearance with strength, fleetness, and actual service, and none the loss of which could be so completely irreparable. The horse to man is invaluable—he contributes to his sustenance by performing patiently every kind of drudgery and labor; to his convenience by bearing him from place to place, with the fleetness of the wind; to his health by the gentle exercise he affords to invalids; and to his gratification in numerous forms, by his docile and affectionate disposition. To treat such an animal unkindly, or to allow him to suffer from disease or hunger, is base ingratitude, and yet an ingratitude by no means rare. There are among us hundreds of wretches so utterly devoid of feeling, as to see in this noble beast nothing worthy of admiration, and who in return for years of patient servitude, when enfeebled by age, leave them to perish, as unworthy of the slightest regard.

In general, those who own horses know too little of their character. Regarding them only in the light of "beasts of burden," they bestow no attention upon their peculiar construction, the diseases to which they are liable, and the proper means to be employed to free them from pain and suffering, excepting to become acquainted with the means to render them more serviceable. The lives of many valuable horses are sacrificed to this ignorance; and the sufferings which they are frequently compelled to endure, is immense. Hence a knowledge of their anatomical form, and an intimate acquaintance with the means to obviate and remove disease, would be of much value, even in a pecuniary point of view, distinct from that of humanity.

The book—the title of which heads this article—is one well calculated to teach this desirable information in regard to the horse. It gives a minute account of the formation of every part of this animal, exemplified and illustrated by engravings, a description of all the diseases to which each part is liable, and the best remedies to be applied in effecting a cure. It has been compiled from the celebrated library of Useful Knowledge, by H. L. Barnum, Esq., Editor of the Farmer's Reporter.

The work is an invaluable one, and should be in the hands of every individual who owns, or has charge of a horse. Some attention to its copious and well arranged rules, will, in a short time, save its cost, and the adoption of its recommendations will do much towards promoting the comfort of this noble animal. We cordially recommend it to public patronage, believing it one of the best works ever published on this subject.

It is for sale, in this city, by Uriah Hunt, No. 19 North Fourth street.

We have just received from Messrs. Lilly and Wait, of Boston, a valuable work entitled "A Treatise on Rearing and Fattening Poultry, Cows and Swine," which purports to be an abridgment of the sixth London edition of H. Mowbray, with additions from the pen of Thomas G. Fessenden, Esq. Editor of the New England Farmer. The work in Europe was deservedly popular among agriculturists and men of science, and its publication here, cannot but prove serviceable to our gardeners and farmers, directly interested in the subjects of which it treats.—The directions for raising the various species of poultry, and the general remarks of the author in regard to their breeding and management, are sensibly written, and evidence an intimate practical acquaintance with this part of husbandry. In the chapter elucidating the management of the milch cow, are many discreet suggestions in regard to the manufacture of cheese and butter, of which the dairy-man will avail himself to advantage.

The book is one which, on account of the important subjects to which it is devoted, and the manner in which they are treated, we feel safe in recommending to the patronage of farmers and agriculturists. It is for sale by Messrs. Carey and Hart of this city.

The city was quite a more healthy one than at present. We trust that for the information of our friends at a distance, who not having the means of judging for themselves, are frequently influenced by unfavorable reports, originated by the ignorant and mischievous, [illegible] on a visit to a village, less than thirty miles from the city, we were informed, by a person who evidently believed the statement himself, that the Cholera was among us, killing hundreds daily! The Cholera is not here, and we trust never will be.

Pursuant to previous arrangements, a number of gentlemen, friends of the drama, and patrons of the Arch Street Theatre, assembled on the stage of that house, on Tuesday evening, to present to the managers, Messrs. Jones, Duffy, and Forrest, a piece of plate, in testimony of their approbation of the course pursued by the managers, during the campaign which has just closed. Morton M'Michael, Esq. was selected to confer, on behalf of the meeting, this mark of friendship to the managers, and in so doing delivered a neat and pertinent address. The present was accepted by Mr. Jones, the elder of the firm, who responded by an appropriate reply on behalf of himself and colleagues.

The present is a beautifully wrought silver pitcher, of exquisite finish, and containing on the bridge an inscription explanatory of its object.

After this ceremony, the company sat down to a sumptuous collation, which in a remarkable time, gave place to wine, sentiment and song, with which they seasoned themselves to a late hour.

Mr. Ryckman, of the Independence Hotel in Chesnut street, has taken the Bathing House on Long Beach, opposite Tuckerton, N. J. which he is about opening for the summer season. The place is an excellent one for bathing, and those who delight in this luxury can scarcely do better than to put up with Mr. R. who, for their accommodation, will provide with his usual good taste and liberality. We know of no place along the coast where the surf is better adapted to bathing with safety and satisfaction.

We understand that the body of Miss was taken from the grave about an hour after it was buried, and dissected by a neighboring wood, by several Philadelphia physicians. Galvanism was applied, in order to recall life, but in vain. The battery would not work well and the attempt was made at too long a period after the operation. The physicians, we are informed, have requests for dissection of the body in a town in a neighboring house, which they had engaged for the purpose. The resurrectionist was enticed into such the instant of the bearing, but the landlord, on hearing the circumstance, objected. Seeing that his property would be injured. Unable to obtain a suitable place, the medical men were compelled to refer the burial of the body, and the dispersion of the ground, before they attempted to put it into execution. One of them expressed the opinion that life might have been restored, had the remedy been applied in time. As it was, the subject, on dissection, presented a most wholesome appearance; the neck was not discolored, but life had ceased by strangulation. About fifty persons, residents of Doylestown, witnessed the dissection. We trust they had good sense enough not to consider it an outrage.

Supreme Court.—Fourth of July.—At a meeting of the friends of the Reform of the State Constitution, held at Reckmann's hotel, on Monday evening, June 25th, 1832, it was resolved to celebrate the approaching anniversary at Hedge's Inn, Upper Ferry, opposite Fair Mount, at [illegible] each, may be had by applying at 31 south Second street, at the Franklin Hall, 403 Market street, or of Mr. Hedge, Upper Ferry.

An Anti-Masonic Convention recently organized at Utica, N. Y. for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor, and a presidential electoral ticket.

Francis Granger, of Canada, was nominated for Governor, and Samuel Stevens, of New York city, for Lieutenant Governor. A respectable electoral ticket was formed. The Anti-Masonic party seem sanguine of success in New York.

Chloride of Lime, in no small demand at present as a purifier of foul atmospheres, vaults, sinks, &c. is nothing else than the article well known in commerce as bleaching salts, of which hundreds of thousands of tons are manufactured annually, and which may be purchased under this last name at the very moderate price of 10 or 12 cents a pound of the wholesale dealer, while they are paying the retailer 25 and 371 cents per pound for chloride of lime, or are perhaps prevented from purchasing altogether, on account of the price.

Medical Treatment of Cholera.—In a very admirable work on the Cholera and Indian disease, by Mr. Annesly, it is said that exposure to cold chills, night dews, wet and moisture, should be avoided. The system should be fortified not by ardent spirits which leaves it more exposed after the excitement has passed off, but by porter or ale, and such as obstructive to the surface of the body, improve the tone of the viscera and promote the regularity of the bowels and biliary organs. Infusions of bark of Columbo may be taken with any warm stomachic. Salts and debilitating purgatives should be avoided, and excessive perspirations avoided, though perspirations in a gentle degree are to be sought. The diet should be moderate, regular and easy of digestion.

Democratic Bill.—The following is an abstract of the bill to divide the State of Pennsylvania into congressional districts, according to the ratio of the new apportionment.

Districts.		Rep's	Popula'n.
1.	That part of the county of Philadelphia, south of the city, together with Penn Township, Lower, Germantown,	2	69,279
2.	City of Philadelphia,	2	80,462
3.	North part of Philadelphia county,	1	63,901
4.	Delaware, Chester, and Lancaster,	3	111,864
5.	Montgomery,	1	39,406
6.	Berks,	1	47,745
7.	Northampton, Pike, and Wayne,	1	34,1908
8.	Schuylkill and Lehigh,	1	37,245
9.	Berks,	1	53,139
10.	Dauphin and Lebanon,	1	45,939
11.	York,	1	43,658
12.	Adams and Franklin,	1	36,318
13.	Cumberland, Perry, and Juniata,	1	34,562
14.	Mifflin, Huntingdon, and Centre,	1	38,358
15.	Columbia and Lycoming,	1	47,436
16.	Union, Snyder, and Tioga,	1	36,593
17.	Northumberland, Bradford, Tioga, Potter, and M'Kean,	1	40,813
18.	Bedford, Somerset, and Cambria,	1	40,340
19.	Westmoreland and Indiana,	1	54,826
20.	Fayette and Greene,	1	47,209
21.	Washington,	1	42,784
22.	Allegheny,	1	50,552
23.	Beaver, Jefferson, Armstrong, and Butler,	1	39,110
24.	Beaver and Mercer,	1	43,920
25.	Crawford, Erie, Warren, and Venango,	1	47,938

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The Mayor has given notice that the law in relation to selling and firing off squibs, crackers, &c. will be strictly enforced. One of a gang of boys was detected in so offending on the 23d, on Tuesday evening, and promptly arrested by Mr. Poe, a constable. He was fined five dollars, and required to give security for better behaviour in future.

The following named gentlemen have been appointed consultation physicians to the Sanitary Committee:—Dr. Otto, Chairman—Dr. Jackson, Secretary—Drs. Parrish, Harlan, Harris, Horner, Likens, Mitchell and Taylor.

Drs. S. D. Jackson, R. Harlan and C. D. Meigs, were on Friday last appointed by the Sanitary Board in this city, to visit the Canadian cities.—These gentlemen left town for the north on Saturday.

The workmen are progressing rapidly with the eggchange. The foundation is finished, and already the "white front" of the building begins to grow before the eye of the spectator. It promises to be a beautiful fabric, and will be completed, it is presumed, in a year from December next.

About five, on Saturday afternoon, a young man about twenty, John Farley by name, a native of the North of Ireland, and a weaver by trade, went into the Delaware, from one of the Kensington wharves, to bathe, and was drowned almost immediately. The body was recovered within an hour, and was buried yesterday afternoon, in the Presbyterian ground, in Kensington.

We understand that true bills have been found by the Grand Jury against five of the Commissioners of the Girard Bank.

The farmers in the neighboring counties are busily engaged in cutting their grass, and making hay. The grass crops are generally good.

Washington Square is now the fashionable promenade. It affords a fine spectacle from six to eight o'clock in the afternoon, the streets being generally numerous and of the most respectable order. The ladies and children form very interesting groups.

A mad dog of a very large size was killed in Southwark on Friday afternoon.

The total number of convicts in New York state prison is 845. The prison is remarkably healthy.

A man named Snow, 40 years of age, was drowned near Dover, on Monday night last, in attempting to cross the river to carry a swarm of bees lodged in a tree on the opposite side.

Recently, in Massachusetts, a schoolmaster was prosecuted for beating a pupil. The court, however, found no verdict, as the judge decided that the master had the power to enforce the laws of his school, and when he resorted to moderate lashings, justifiable in the appreciation of punishment.

The Knoxville Register of the 12th inst. announces the death, by drowning, of Lieut. Philip R. Vanwyck, of the United States corps of engineers, while bathing in the Tennessee river, he attempted to cross a place called the Boiling Pot, the current of which forced him under.

In the Middletown (Conn.) Sentinel, it is stated that on the 6th instant, Mr. C. Rogers gathered from an apple tree in that neighborhood, four white double roses, the same tree having young apples on it at the time, as large as grapes. The roses are spread about two inches in diameter.

On the 15th inst. at Cortland, N. Y. George Hopkins, aged 63 years, was killed by lightning.

On the 12th inst. at Cortland, N. Y. two boys, Edward and Alexander Cullen, were drowned, while bathing in a pond.

The Providence Substitute of Friday last says:—"Last autumn people were going to press, we were informed by Mr. John Wilkinson, the driver of the Hartford stage, that Mr. John Smith, merchant of the town of Exeter, in this county, was murdered yesterday, by a man from Connecticut, name not ascertained. The murderer has been arrested, and will probably be committed to jail this day. The deed was perpetrated with an axe.

A superstition has taken place between the widow of an eminent statesman whose property remains the property of the school, for the benefit of his children and her second husband. Mrs. Hebert is the person here alluded to.

A Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Wheeling Transportation Company, is to be chosen on the 25th of July, the whole of the stock having been taken; and it is intended that the transportation lines named from the west shall be in operation in season to embrace the early fall trade.

Prosperity in Mississippi.—A letter has been received from Sterling, from which the following is an extract: We have raised funds for the transportation of the free blacks now residing among us, to Liberia. One gentleman has received in his subscription paper, upwards of $1000, in less than a fortnight.

Stephen Jenkins, age 21, killed himself in Hertford, Me. on the 9th inst. by discharging the contents of a musket loaded with shot, into his neck and face.

Reason for an Ex Editor.—The State Bank of Alabama offers the lowest reward of $100 for the apprehension of Moody Baker, late a violent Nullifying editor of Montgomery, in that state, but who, being more recently unpossessed on a charge of Forgery, broke jail and has, probably, made good his political and moral abdication.

During a severe thunder storm, which passed over the vicinity of Georgetown, Del. on Sunday last, a house occupied by an old black, named Levin Connelly and family, was struck by lightning, and the old man and two of his children instantly killed.

The Remarkable Money Parrot states that there are in circulation in this country, convertible into gold at the U. S. Bank, Wm. Dexter, Cashier, Philadelphia, Letter D, payable to W. H. Crane, dated Philadelphia, 19th June, 1828. The paper is current and shorter than the genuine the faces all indorsed, the general execution rather coarse and the cashier's signature too sharp a hand.

The municipal authorities of Boston have appropriated fifty thousand dollars to meet the dangers of the Cholera.

An anti-Masonic state convention has been held in Ohio, at which David Lyman was nominated for Governor.

The meadows are spreading to a great extent in Bradford county, Pa. Whole farms have been let or attached.

A mad dog passed through Germantown on Wednesday, and bit a number of other dogs, some of which have been shot.

The Norristown Herald states, that several shares of the stock of the Bank of Montgomery were lately sold at public auction, in that borough, at an advance of $12 25 per share.

We learn that Mr. Stone, the author of Metamora, is writing a new dramatic piece, to be entitled The Knight of the Golden Fleece, for the Yankee to Sons. The principal character is intended for Mr. Hill, of the Arch street Theatre. It is expected to be ready for a presentation by September next.

The last accounts mention that the Cholera had reached Whitehall and Fort Miller—and one case in said to have occurred at Mechanicsville. Whitehall is about 70 miles from Albany, Fort Miller near 40 miles, and Mechanicsville about 10 miles from Albany.

In Salem Massachusetts, it is proposed to dispense with the usual public dinner on the 4th of July, which can only be attended by the rich, and to have a supper, at which the ladies may help to furnish the entertainment.

Specific for the Cholera.—The following simple recipe, says a Galveston paper received by the last arrival, taken at a draught, seldom fails of affording instant relief to the patient, viz:—one teaspoon water, 35 drops tincture of opium, 1 drachm spirits of lavender, and 2 drachms tincture of Gentian.

Robert Lockie committed suicide at the house of Mrs. Cook, Buffalo, on the night of the 13th inst. An inquest was held—verdict that he came to his death by cutting his throat with a razor. The deceased was an intemperate man, and in a fit of delirium tremens committed the fatal deed.

A farm was burnt at Jamaica, L. I. by lightning, on Monday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, together with a horse and other property.

A very violent storm passed over Washington County, Md. on Monday afternoon. It continued for five minutes, and did considerable injury in the up rooting of trees, destruction of barns, fences, grain, &c. It extended, in great violence, as far as we have learnt, as the Torch Light, south of us to Funkstown, and north to the Pennsylvania line. We understand that much damage has been sustained in Middletown Valley, Frederick County.

It is stated in the Torch Light, that Mr. M. Newcomer, of Hagerstown, Md. has a share bound Durham cow, from which he obtains 26 quarts of milk per day, and between 13 and 14 lbs of butter per week.

The Albany Board of Health reported that that city contained suddenly healthy on Saturday last.

The New Orleans "Bee" of the 7th inst. mentions the existence of a girl in that city, four years of age, who is a perfectly developed and mature woman. Strange as it may seem, persons confirmed it to us.

Bad Result.—A fish market in Boston was robbed of a lot of bass; the only thieves not being able to make a better meal.

We learn by Captain Gosler, of the brig Flora, at New York, from Constantinople, that formidable preparations were making by the Ottoman Porte, for the subjection of the Pacha of Egypt. A Russian fleet from the Black Sea was daily expected, to cooperate with the Turkish. The Turkish fleet was to be joined by the American Frigate Sewanee, and the Constitution.

The receipts for travelling and transportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, for the Month of May, exceeded sixteen thousand dollars.

During the six days, as on Monday evening, the number of emigrants arrived at New York, is eleven hundred and fifty-one. The number arrived at Quebec, from the 17th to the 23th, inclusive, is nineteen hundred and fifty four.

The Eastport (Me.) Sentinel says:—"Within about a fortnight, eight hundred, principally emigrants from Ireland, have been brought to this place by the steamer Brunette, from St. John. How many by other vessels, during the same period, we cannot state."

It is stated, says the Baltimore Patriot, that Mr. Gallatin has sold his lands and house plantation in Pennsylvania, called New Geneva, to a company of Swiss emigrants, consisting of about twenty families, whose object is to cultivate the grape.

The New Orleans Argus of the 13th inst. says:—"The head of a man and body of an infant, has been found in a bale of hay, which was landed a few days since, from the ship Apollo, from Portsmouth, N. H."

It is stated in a letter from Washington, addressed to the Commercial Advertiser, that the Hon. George E. Mitchell, a representative to Congress, from Maryland, died at his lodgings on Capitol Hill, on Saturday evening last. The writer adds: Mr. Mitchell, by all accounts, is suffering under a consumption. It is hoped that he will never reach his home. The members, generally, are in good health.

Canal Trade.—We understand there have passed through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal in the last four weeks, 275 vessels and arks. During the past week 223 have gone through, paying tolls amounting to nearly $1,400, being about a hundred per cent. more than was paid during the corresponding period of last year.

We learn that Daniel Horan, who was recently convicted of the crime of manslaughter in the court of Oyer and Terminer in this city, has, upon the application of his counsel, Isaac Hazlehurst, Esq. been pardoned by the governor. The petition was supported by the recommendation of the prosecuting officer, the jurors, and the implied approval of the president of the court of Quarter Sessions, before whom the cause was tried.

Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, has issued a request that the Episcopal Clergymen of his diocese, perform divine service in their churches, on Wednesday the 4th of July.

The New York Courier of Wednesday says:—"The Albany papers received last evening, contain a correspondence between certain clergymen and General Jackson, and also Governor Throop, to which the former invited the latter, in their official capacities, to appoint or recommend a "Fast Day," in consequence of the apprehension of the cholera. Both the President and the Governor declined any interference in the business."

All dogs found "at large" in the streets of Baltimore of the Monday next, whether muzzled or not, are liable to be killed. Almost any number of dogs may be counted in the streets of Philadelphia, many of them without muzzles, any day in the week. But few will regard to [illegible] is very inefficient, or it is not properly carried into effect.

Governor Howard, of Maryland, has issued a proclamation recommending that the Fourth day of July ensuing be observed by the people of Maryland, as a day of Prayer to Almighty God, that the land may be preserved from the visitation of the Cholera, or that its calamitous effects may be mitigated.

Size of Shad.—A number of Swallows (some large, and to appearance, very strong) were taken at a tavern in a neighboring town a few days since.—*Borrowed from the N. Y. Gazette.*

"Young Swine."—A boy furnishing one thousand pounds of pork, has been killed in Unity, Pa. Well may it be said—"In *Unity* there is strength," and weight too.—*Exchange.*

Notice.

ALL those indebted to the subscribers, as either of the late firm, with whom he has been connected, are desired to make payment without delay, and all persons having any demands against the same, are requested to present them for settlement to JOHN WATERHOUSE, jr.

Emanuel N. Jones. June 16 1832. 3t

Drafts and Notes Collected.

THE subscribers having agents stationed throughout the United States, will collect or purchase Notes, Drafts, Bank Checks, and Certificates of Deposit, payable in the following places, on the most reasonable terms.

Portland,	York,	Winchester,
Boston	Chambersburg,	Leesburg,
Newport,	Gettysburg,	Charlestown,
Providence,	Pittsburg,	Romney,
Hartford,	Wheeling,	Moorfield,
New Haven,	New Castle,	Clarksburg,
New York,	Dover,	Wellsburg,
Albany,	Baltimore,	Parkersburg,
Troy,	Annapolis,	Cabin John, D. C.
Utica,	Easton,	Georgetown,
Rochester,	Washington,	Alexandria,
Newark,	Hagerstown,	Fredericksburg,
New Brunswick,	Frederick,	Richmond,
Easton,	Richmond,	Petersburg,
Reading,	Petersburg,	Norfolk,
Lancaster,	Cumberland,	Edenton,
Harrisburg,	Fredericksburg,	Raleigh,
Carlisle,	Norfolk,	New Orleans,

And some others not enumerated. Drafts at sight or time promptly remitted, only always be had on terms to suit customers.

BYLVANUS LEHMAN.

June 30.—Stock and Exchange Broker, 44 South Third st.

Ribbon and Fancy Store.

A GOOD assortment of Fancy and Plain Ribbons, with a variety of fancy articles, constantly on hand, wholesale and retail, at C. M'Kendrie's Ribbon Silk and Fancy Store, No. 23 North Second street, opposite Christ Church. A variety of Fans, Traveling Baskets, Window Shades, &c.

June 30—

Paper Warehouse.

NO. 23 Minor street. T. POTTER is about to remove to the most extensive Paper Manufactory in the United States, and keeps constantly on hand all the newest and most fashionable kinds of Paper, a great every description of Paper made in this country.

Orders from abroad thankfully received and promptly attended to. June 16—6

GOOD NEWS FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA.

Swaim's Panacea is now universally admitted to be the best and most certain purifier of the blood and juices of the body ever introduced for the general use of man. Its action on the blood and purifying qualities are of a peculiar kind. It is more like a rich cordial, in point of taste and flavour, than an alterative medicine. The most powder infant can take it without any inconvenience. The public may depend on its

Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

Answer to the Enigma in our last.—"Charlemagne."

A PARODY

On Romeo's description of an Apothecary.

I do remember an old Stationer,
And hard about he dwells—whom late I noted
In seedy attire, with a pale-worn brow,
Causing in books—and weighs very his looks;
Culliony had worn him to the bone;
And in his shop parlor hung a coat,
The which the moths had owned for less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up the furniture; and on his shelves
A grease clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tables, and a host of old scores;
Remnants of volumes, new in sore repute,
Were thinly scattered round to tell the eye
Of paying strangers—*the man had no sale.*
His tattered widow gain'd most piteously;
And ever, as he turn'd him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.
Sad is his gloom, quite myself I read,
And if a man did cover single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony give,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him
In such most dismal colors, that the shrew,
Or slut, or shoe, or the gossip spouse,
Were each as heaven surrounded with such a life.

CAUTION TO COOPERS.—We understand that a cooper, whilst trimming a cask a few days since to the tune of the "Rus-ian dance," flourished his adze rather too freely, and trimmed off the tip of his nose. It is said that he was rather *balmy*, but from his coolness and self possession, (evinced by picking up and pocketing the fragment, in order to have it replaced when he arrived home,) we apprehend the report is scandalous.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.—Lord Craven lived in London when the last great plague prevailed. His house was in that part of the town called Craven Buildings. On that sad calamity the growing epidemic, his Lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he observed his negro, who served him as a postillion, saying to another servant, "I suppose by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country and not in town. The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of Gods. The speech, however struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause; "My God (thought he) lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I'll e'en stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me—Lord pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy Providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand." He immediately ordered his horse to be taken from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He remained in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbors and friends, and never caught the infection.

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.—In a case which came before our bench a few days back, a witness was asked to describe his house, when pretty near the following dialogue ensued, which reminded us forcibly of the story of the Lord Chancellor and the big stone:—Clerk: Well, now, what kind of a house was it? Witness: Oh! it were a very comfortable house.—Clerk: I don't doubt it; but what sort of a house was it? Witness: Why, 'twas a pretty tolerable sort of a house. Clerk: Yes, but what do you call a pretty tolerable sort of a house?—Witness: Why, a house you can look at. Clerk: Well, I suppose you can look at any house?—Witness: Why, yes, it may be as how you can. Clerk: Very well, but can't you say how large it was? Witness: Oh! as for that, 'twas a monstrous commodious house. Clerk: But, my good man, can't you explain to the Magistrates the size of the house? Witness: Oh yes; why, may be it were—I don't know after all but what it wasn't a very comfortable house. Clerk: Can't you give an answer, sir? what do you mean by a comfortable house? how big was it? Witness: Why, then, if I must, I must, you know—why it was—answered my purpose very well. Clerk: I wish I could say as much of you. Describe the house to the magistrates; I repeat again, how big was it? Witness: Why, yes, I tell 'e it were a very nice house. Clerk: Well, what do you mean by a very nice house? Witness: Oh, why, a house with a roof to it.—*Brighton Guard.*

REAL TRAGEDY.—While Cummings, a distinguished tragedian of the last century, was playing, at one of the provincial theatres in England, the part of Dumont in Jane Shore, when he had repeated the words—

"He witness for me ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,
May such befal me at my latest hour,"

he tottered an instant, sunk down, and expired. The audience mistaking this for an intended point, rewarded him in the usual way; but, alas! he was forever insensible to their notice! Real and mimic life were essentially mingled into a departed shadow, and the actor was now upon a level with the monarchs and heroes it had been his highest ambition to imitate.

Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, in a debate on the pension bill, in the Senate of the United States, closed a speech, with the following interesting incident, in relation to the frontier warfare with the Indians:

"A young ranger upon a scout had exhausted his rations, and being distant from a place where he could obtain a supply, went to a spring lick where deer resort, and placed himself behind a blind near by, watching for game. In a short time four Indians, armed with their rifles, came within pistol shot, and stopped, without having discovered him. His resolution was instantly taken; he fired and brought down his man, and sprang from his ambush and fled; the three remaining Indians fired, but in the hurry and agitation of the moment, fired without aim and missed their mark. One of them with a readiness of thought peculiar to his race, snatched up the rifle of his fallen comrade, took better aim and fired; the ball passed between the body and arm of the ranger and shivered his powder-horn to splinters, but he escaped untouched, out-ran his pursuers, and reached the settlement in safety. The author of this bold deed, does not, it is true, like many of his companions in arms, desire the bounty or need even the justice of his country. Brave and adventurous in youth, honored in age, he is now the Governor of Ohio."

SIAM.—The following extract of a letter, written by a gentleman who has resided some time in Siam, will serve to give some idea of the country and its inhabitants.

"If there is a country on the globe filled with the ridiculous, as also with immense riches, it is truly a pity that so rich and fertile a country should not be in better hands. It is a fact worth knowing, that the tea grows as luxuriantly here as in China; but mark the difference—in China it costs much trouble; in Siam, the lazy Siamese suffer it to grow wild; yet in its wildness, it is equal to the Chinese plant. What would it be if cultivated? But the summit of Buddhist felicity is absorption, and as that is not attainable, sleep is an excellent substitute:—that is left to grow as it can. The silk worm too abounds; also the mulberry, all wild for the same reason: and others besides, which relate to the government. The heir apparent is about 20 years old, and is immensely rich in gold, silver, and jewels, but a child in all his manners. He and his attendants play the most ridiculous grimaces. In this rich country there must be mines of silver and of gold; of silver it is evident, for several told us that in the rainy season, when the ground is drenched, pieces of silver are found as large as a tichal. Indigo too is luxuriant, as also is the coffee plant; still they are much finer and more numerous than any I have met with elsewhere. Of the mangoes there are thirty species; the mangostien, oranges, &c. abound, all wild. In fact, this exuberant country is the hands of Europeans might become a perfect paradise, and a mart for half the world.—Cotton is plentiful, and as fine as silk, but these wretches do not know how to value it beyond stuffing beds and pillows. True it is dear, but it is wild."

THE FAIR PENITENT.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey, and threw a "dim religious light" upon the marble floor beneath, and fretted pillars that rose on all sides. A young female, dressed in virgin white, advanced up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps, her eyes steadily bent upon the ground, and her lovely locks half shading a countenance in which beauty and innocence seemed to vie with each other, which should add most beauty to features, the item of which were beauty itself.

She stopped for a moment as she reached the open portal of the chapel that formed a recess on one side of the aisle, and then turned into the recess, entered a Confessional and fell upon her knees.

What "greatest sin" could this sweet one have committed, that required absolution at the hands of her holy father confessor?

We shall see.

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayer with a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence by this act, and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts of constancy towards her school-mistress (for though bordering on womanhood, she had not left the Convent school) then her little acts of actual commission, reserving the gravest to the last. At length, though she had evidently not concluded her confession, she made a full stop, as if reluctant to proceed further.

"Come daughter," exclaimed the good priest, "proceed: you must not permit a false pride or delicacy to deter you from that full confession without which absolution were vain. What more?"

"I am afraid to tell you, good father."

The priest said something to encourage her; but the pretty peoness still continued, and as she covered her sweet face with her two hands, as if ashamed to have it seen, the tears made their way between her pretty fingers.

"Come—come," said the holy father, "this must not be. I must interrogate you. What is it that thus troubles you? Have you done any thing to injure or offend your good parents?"

"Worse, father."

"Have you been reading in wicked books?"

"I've not been reading at all, father."

"Did you play or laugh, last Sunday during service?"

"A great deal more, father."

The good priest began seriously to be alarmed: "or he did not know how to frame his countenance so as to avoid suspicion, which (if he should praise wrong in his experience) might make the remedy more mischievous than the disease.

At last, the young beauty, as if by a desperate effort, relieved herself from his embarrassment—"Father," said she, with a trembling and half suppressed voice, "I will tell you all, if Heaven will give me strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good father. It was the first time—and I'm sure I never thought that so much harm would come of it. Besides, it was not all my own fault—it was partly his. And he is very handsome, father!" (The good priest trembled.) "And so fond of me—he used to follow me about wherever I went—he seemed to think and care about nobody but me."—[She paused a moment, then continued]—"Well, father, one night after I had retired to rest, I—would you believe it? I found him in my chamber."

"No, father," interrupted the terrified penitent, "she never told me there was any thing wrong in being fond of one's self, and loving one's self—"

"A cat! was it a cat?"

"Yes, father: a large, beautiful white Angola, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry-cook's opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since."

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, is absolution, said the good priest, and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling of pious satisfaction.

The following Parody, to the tune of "Begone Dull Care," has made its appearance in London.

John Bull to Lord Grey.

Begone, Lord Grey, I prithee begone from me,
Begone, Lord Grey, you and I can never agree,
Some time there has been pottering here,
And fain would do me ill,
But Watch, Lord Grey,
You shall never have your will.

Too much of Lord Grey would make a guy man sad,
Too much of Lord Grey would drive a wise man mad,
My spouse shall dance, and I will sing,
And merrily pass the day,
For I'm sure I've done the wisest thing,
I've sent Lord Grey away.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

The knotted blood within my brow,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal cries doth portend
My days to approppiate an end. HUDIBRAS.

That fighting a duel does not imply courage, few, we believe, will pretend to deny. That killing one's man does not imply skill, the following may be taken as a case in proof. It was related to us some years since, as having taken place upon the northern frontiers, during the last war. But wherever and whenever it happened the moral is the same.

Three belonged to the army a lieutenant, who was very cowardly, and an adjutant, who was very superstitious.—He treated the lieutenant with great contempt, and especially before his brother officers. Among other modes of expressing this feeling, he used often, when addressed by the latter, to give him a supercilious glance over the shoulder.

This behaviour vexed and irritated the lieutenant to such a degree that he consulted his friends as to some mode of retaliation.

"Why," said they, "the next time the adjutant treats you in this contemptuous manner, you must pull his nose."

"I'll be shot if I don't," said the lieutenant, well pleased with the suggestion, which did not alarm his apprehension, for votes are like *ci devant* ire. Wherefore, coming up to his antagonist the next day, he lade him—"Good morning, Mr. Adjutant."

The latter treated him with his usual supercilious look over the shoulder, when the lieutenant promptly took his nose between the first and second finger, and gave it a prodigious twist, which did not at all comport with the gentle way this affair began, but as he was pretty sure he had wrung the adjutant's nose, that his feelings of triumph were short, for he was presently served with a challenge.

He was sore in more trouble than ever. This was a result he had not looked for; and he again repaired to his friends for advice.

"Why-eh-what a bloody fellow that adjutant is!" said he, in great perturbation—"he's challenged me!"

"Of course," returned his friends coolly—"no military man would allow his nose to be twisted with impunity."

"No!—Why in the name of blood and thunder didn't you tell me of that before? I'd seen the devil had his nose before I'd touched it. If I'd known what was going to be the consequence. But what must I do now?"

"Fight, to be sure."

"What, fight! I—I—fight! No—no—that 'll never do—I shall be shot to a dead certainty."

"As like as not. But it's the business of a soldier, you know, to smell gunpowder."

"Yes—but to feel cold lead!—that's the worst of it."

"Well, better at worse, there's no help for it: the adjutant has challenged you, and fight him you must. They say he's a devil of a fellow on the trigger."

"I'm a dead man, then. I wish his nose had been at the north pole before I touched it."

As there was no getting off, however, agreeably to the laws affoat, the lieutenant chose his second and went to meet the adjutant. The combatants took their ground, each with his side towards the other. But such was the tremor of the lieutenant, that in order to steady his point, he held the breech against his hip, and in this manner let fly. The adjutant fell, shot through the knee with a mortal wound, while the trembling lieutenant, scarcely knowing, for a time, whether he was himself alive or dead, escaped unhurt, conversing with him from the field of glory the reputation of an honorable man.—*Constitution.*

Frequent drinking after the sun has risen should always be avoided: it causes the same sickness and drooping, and should it not be taken away by observation in the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be completely saturated with water at night, and will preserve their freshness through the whole of the following day, though exposed to the sun; yet, if slightly watered in the morning, how different in their appearance! So it is with man. During the whole of our desert travelling, we going to rest, I always drank as much water as I could possibly swallow, and frequently took the same hours on the following night, never neglected to put the cup to my lips: yet I suffered less from the heat and thirst than my companions, who usually drank during the day.—*Denham and Clapperton's Discoveries in Africa.*

[Our laborers in the fields, in hot weather, who are always drinking, and yet always dry, would do well to try Major Denham's plan, instead of pouring down their throats such copious draughts of beer and cider, the money expended in which would be sufficient for procuring meat of beef or mutton. For health and strength, as regard to drink, the *half* is better than the whole.]—*London Paper.*

THE TAILOR'S LAMENTATION.

Some rogue has stole my shears away,
And stole my thimble too;
My scissors they are gone astray,
Ah me! what shall I do!

My needles rusted are, alas!
My yarn of little use;
And all my hopes now, by the mass,
Depend upon my goose.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind;
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

Come, Judy, bring the ball of thread,
I'll work with Pat and thee;
And when we've earned our daily bread
Thou shalt get drunk with me.

And as I trim the coat with lace,
This thought shall clear my mind,
That future profit I trace,
From remnants left behind.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind.
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

But mark at thoughts of silver lace
Which makes the rear so gay,
A cloud o'erspreads my Judy's face,
And drives each smile away.

So like this gaudy coat, my dear,
Unless you dry your eyes,
Your shoulders quickly shall appear
Right well be laced with stripes.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind;
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE.

Great-crested Dobchick, Cargoose, Ashe colored Loon, or Gaunet.

(*Colymbus cristatus*, Lin.—*Le Grebe huppe*, Buffon.)

This bird is the largest of the Grebes, weighing about two pounds and a half, and measuring twenty-one inches in length, and thirty in breadth. The bill is about two inches and a quarter long, dark at the tip, and red at the base; the bare stripe or lore, between the bill and the eyes, is in the breeding season red, but afterwards changes to dusky; irides, fine pale crimson.

The head, in adult males, is furnished with a great quantity of feathers, which form a kind of ruff surrounding the upper part of the neck; these on each side of the head, behind, are longer than the rest, and stand out like ears: the ruff is of a bright ferruginous color, edged on the under sides with black. The upper parts of the plumage are of a sooty or mouse-colored brown; the under parts of a glossy or silvery white: the inner ridge of the wing is white, the secondaries of the same color, forming an oblique bar across the wings, when closed: the outside of the legs is dusky, the inside and toes of a pale green.

The Grebes are almost continually upon the water, where they are remarkable for their agility, as sea they seem to sport with the waves, through which they dart with the greatest ease, and in swimming, slide along as it were without any apparent effort upon the surface, with wonderful velocity: they also dive to a great depth in pursuit of their prey. They frequent fresh water lakes and inlets of rivers, as well as the ocean, to which they are driven from lake or river only in severe seasons, when the former are bound up.

No cold or damp can penetrate their thick, close plumage, which looks as if it were glazed on the surface, and by which they are enabled, while they have open water, to brave the rigors of the coldest winter. They can take wing from the water, or drop from an eminence and fly with great swiftness to a considerable distance, but when they have happened to alight on the land, they find it so difficult to rise from the flat surface of the ground, or make much progress in walking upon it. On shore they sit with the body erect, commonly upon the whole length of their legs, and in attempting to regain the water, they awkwardly forward in the same position, and if they happen to fall, they sprawl with their feet and flap with short wings as if they were wounded, and may easily be taken in the hand, for they are not able to rise at once other by striking violently with their sharp pointed beaks.

They live upon fish, and also upon fresh water roots and sea weeds. They are generally very fat and heavy. The females generally build their nests in the holes of the rocky precipices which overhang the sea shores, and those which breed in lakes, make their's of withered reeds, and rushes, &c. and fix it among the growing stalks of a marsh or fen, close by the water's edge. They lay from two to four eggs at one hatching. The skins of these birds are dressed with the feathers on, and made into warm, beautiful tippets and muffs; the under part only is used for this purpose, which is of a most beautiful silvery white, and as glossy as satin.

These birds are found in the seas and lakes in England; they are met with in almost every lake in the northern parts of Europe, as far as Iceland, and southward to the Mediterranean: they are also found in various parts of America.

GOLDEN EAGLE.

This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country, which skirts the rocky mountains, and never descends further to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume, as the most honorable badge which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the coronets of smoking pipes, used by the Indians on the celebration of their solemn festivals, which are obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception; for it can discover its prey, and preserve upon it, from a height at which it is itself with its expanded wings scarcely visible to the human eye. When on the wing, it is poetry in motion, and seems becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to view. A story is current on the plains of Saskatchewan, of a half breed Indian, who was pursuing his avocation before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with belief in his supernatural powers, in the midst of this pursuit, an eagle, unobserved, suspended, as it were in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly shooting down, with the velocity of a thunderbolt, it precipitated itself on the point of his weapon.—*Zoology of North America.*

THE SPIDER.

The spider has many enemies, and hence its web is always in danger of being deranged and damaged. In most this inconvenience, nature has furnished the insect with a magazine of materials for occasional repairs, and which, although frequently exhausted, will continue to be replenished. This reservoir is dressed in time. When spiders grow old, their guts is dried up; but even when this calamity happens, the spinning power is not destroyed for remaining webs which avail it for some time longer. A certain aquatic spider, having no longer the means of securing a subsistence, seeks out a young one, to which it communicates its wants and necessities, on which the other, richly out of respect to old age or from a fear of old pincers, turns its pliable, and spins a new web in another situation. But if the old spider can find none of its species which will either from love or fear renew its net, it must then perish for want of food. The spider is a solitary animal, and seems to catch its prey; but nevertheless offers one of the most singular objects of contemplation. If we possessed no other evidence that the world had been planned and created by an intelligent Being, the habits, proceedings and instincts of this little creature would be alone sufficient to prove the fact. As soon as it has caught its prey on the web, it proceeds to the bottom of the waters, and there devours its booty. It is therefore an amphibious animal, although it appears more fitted to live in contact with the atmosphere than with the water. The diving bell is a modern invention, and few facts excite our wonder more than the possibility of a man's being enabled to live at the bottom of the ocean. Triumph of reason over the sublunary element, however, was anticipated by an insect which has so far as Iceland, and southward to the Mediterranean,